THE LIVING AGE

FOUNDED 1844 BY E. LITTELL

Published under the auspices of
the Atlantic Monthly

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1924

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THE LIVING AGE COMPANY

PUBLICATION OFFICE: RUMFORD BUILDING, CONCORD, N.H.

EDITORIAL OFFICE: 8 ARLINGTON STREET, BOSTON 17, MASS.

$5.00 a Year 15c a Copy

Entered as second-class mail matter at Concord, N. H.
Foreign Postage, $1.50; Canadian Postage, 50c

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This Week

Even Abou ben Adhem's name would have to take second place on any alphabetical list of notables that included Prince Aage of Denmark. And for bravery, too, this latest *Living Age* contributor of royal blood would be ranked high.

* * *

Politicus, a French Liberal writer, rises from his chair, removes his hat, and makes a sweeping bow to Mr. Ramsay MacDonald. He is only mildly enthusiastic about the Labor Government, but deeply impressed with the new Premier's political sense.

* * *

Can it be possible that any of our readers are still so old-fashioned as to find something faintly ridiculous about women in politics? Let them read Miss Wylie's article showing that there is nothing at all funny or incongruous about the eight female M. P.'s.

* * *

John Campbell gives us a rather more accurate idea of the opium problem than is to be found in our Sunday Supplements. He claims that the supply should be controlled at the factories, of which there are only about a dozen in the entire world.

* * *

In Life, Letters, and the Arts there is an interesting explanation of why Thomas Hardy did not win the Nobel Prize for Literature. For one thing, old Mr. Nobel said that the winner should be idealistic, and for another thing — but here we quote the Swedish critic — 'it may be doubted whether Mr. Hardy really is entitled to such an absolutely unrivaled position in modern literature as some of his admirers in this country have wished to attribute to him.'

* * *

The German Reichstag is a rather pathetic body of men. Lately, however, it has tried to look important, but the correspondent who describes it for us seems to have been more impressed with the variety of the inmates than with their authority.

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THE LIVING AGE

VOLUME 320—NUMBER 4155

FEBRUARY 23, 1924

A WEEK OF THE WORLD

NEW EUROPEAN TREATIES

LIKE the sleeping Gulliver, vanquished Germany is being tied down by threads of alliances, understandings, conversations, and 'military contacts.' The Franco-Polish alliance is already of long standing. Another one has now been formed between France and Czechoslovakia. 'The alliance between France and Yugoslavia exists tacitly,' the Serbian Minister of Foreign Affairs, M. Nintchitch, declared recently. 'It would serve no purpose to confirm it by written documents.'

The Franco-Czech treaty, though clearly enough foreshadowed, caused a surprising amount of ink to flow over the continent. Last summer Marshal Foch made a tour of the new capitals of Eastern Europe. His principal mission was to bring about a reconciliation between Poland and Czechoslovakia, divided by a boundary dispute hiding a divergence in views as regards Russia. While in Prague he officially invited President Masaryk to visit Paris as President Millerand's guest. Such formalities usually represent something more than personal compliments. For some time Czechoslovakia has tried to be on equally friendly terms with both France and Great Britain, and both in Paris and in London President Masaryk was treated with honors usually reserved for emperors and kings. Why the British press should have expressed so much surprise at the Franco-Czech treaty is hard to understand. Evidently it dislikes seeing the French position on the continent growing stronger. Dr. Beneš has offered to sign the identical terms with England as with France.

That the German press should be hostile and suspicious is easier to comprehend. The chief avowed purpose of the agreement is to maintain the Paris treaties, and to prevent a restoration of the Hohenzollerns and the Hapsburgs. The Italian press has also been extremely critical. It dreads the prospect of having any power in Southeastern Europe grow so strong as to replace the fallen Austro-Hungarian Empire.

The Italo-Yugoslav agreement over Fiume in particular and their future relations in general came more as a surprise. 'What compensation has Serbia received for its acceptance of this solution of the Fiume question?' asks the Vienna *Neue Freie Presse*. 'And is it true that Italy has promised to enter into closer relations and, in case of an attack, assist Serbia, and thereby avert danger on the Macedonian frontier? Such a reversal would be one of the most daring in history. Hitherto Italy has openly or in secret supported

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all opponents of Serbia. The good relations between Italy and Bulgaria and the striking Italian benevolence toward Hungary are generally known. Perhaps all these things were only methods of exerting pressure on Serbia, and of impressing it with the importance of coming to terms with Mussolini.'

In fact, three different sets of agreements were reached. The first, relating to the status of Fiume, was specific enough, as was the third, relating to commercial matters. As to the scope of the second, referring to the future political relations between the two States, there is more doubt. Some Italian papers have gone so far as to assert that this rapprochement offsets the Franco-Czech alliance, but in view of the close relations between France and Serbia, dating from before the war, this is doubtful. The semiofficial *Corriere Italiano* asserted that the sudden decision of the Belgrade Government to publish the imminent agreement with Italy was reached in order to offset the demands of Edward Beneš, the Czechoslovakian Foreign Minister, that Yugoslavia should join the Franco-Czech alliance, but *Ceske Slowenska Politika* of Prague considered the understanding between Italy and Yugoslavia as a pleasant surprise, and as a great diplomatic success for Mussolini. 'The Croats, who had regarded a free Fiume as a thorn in their side, will probably not be satisfied with this solution, which, however, does not alter the fact that the problem, under the present circumstances, could not have been solved better. The Macedonian revolutionists and the "Awakening Magyars" have also counted on a conflict between Italy and Yugoslavia with unfavorable results for the latter, and therefore the agreement is for them a bitter disappointment.'

The country most likely to feel the effects of the peace between Italy and Yugoslavia is Greece. 'If the Greek people,' wrote Auguste Gauvain, the experienced editor of the Paris *Journal des Débats*, 'is unable to rise above questions of patronage, clans, and party rancors, it is headed for destruction. Its Constantinian errors have already cost it the part of ancient Hellas attributed to it by the Treaty of Sèvres. New internal quarrels would probably bring it back to its situation in 1897.' In other words, Greece stands to lose both Macedonia and Western Thrace. For the loss of Fiume the Serbs would take compensation, with Italian support, at Saloniki.

In reply to the assertion by the *Corriere della Sera*, the Liberal daily of Milan, that the Italian pact with Yugoslavia meant 'a greater independence of the Little Entente as regards France, whose good offices will become less necessary than in the past,' the usually well-posted Pertinax wrote in *L'Écho de Paris*, of January 18: 'If the writer of this article had been present at the conversations that King Alexander (of Yugoslavia) had a few weeks ago with the French leaders, he would have concluded that neither at Belgrade nor at Paris is the new convention considered as likely to cool the friendship now existing between the two countries. On the contrary these Powers (the Little Entente) constitute a grouping of anti-German forces. We have always considered the conflict between Slavs and Latins around the Adriatic as liable to spoil the success of our efforts. Experience and logic have taught us that an Italy friendly toward the Little Entente is much more likely to collaborate with us than an Italy looking for allies against the Danube Powers.'

But all is not well between France and Italy. In an editorial the Socialist *Avanti* of Milan said on January 16:—

Every reader of the *Politica* and the *Gerarchia* knows that the main problem of

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the Nationalist-Fascist Government is that of our superabundant population. . . . Now who is it that holds African possessions from Tunis to Tangier? France. And Western Asia, Syria, Lebanon? France again. No great subtlety of dialectics is needed to demonstrate that the greatest problem of our Government is that of supplanting France in the Mediterranean from the Pillars of Hercules to the Levant, in order to furnish our emigrants the immense lands that have scarcely begun to be populated. Before this urgent need to conquer fertile soil for its people the Government puts every other question in the background. A victorious war with Yugoslavia might bring Italy Dalmatia, but that would not mean a single step forward in the settlement of the emigration question, for Dalmatia, a narrow piece of land between mountains and sea, is hardly in a position to support its inhabitants of to-day. Here is another reason for not making the Irredenta question an issue in Italian international policies.

*

HISTORICAL REVELATIONS

THE opening of secret archives in the various European capitals has disclosed facts that have more than an historical interest. The revelations of the Russian revolutionists have been perhaps the most instructive, not only in regard to the secret diplomacy that finally led to the World War, but also in reference to the methods by which public opinion in France and elsewhere was misled through the corruption of the press. The German Republic is also publishing the contents of the secret archives it inherited. The six volumes already issued cover the period from the fall of Bismarck in 1890 to the outbreak of the Boer War in 1899.

The chief wonder is that the war did not break out sooner. Only an accident prevented a rupture between Germany and England at the time of the Jameson raid in South Africa. Fortunately Lord Salisbury was out of town for the week-end when the German Ambassador, Count Hatzfeldt, presented a note which stated that Germany 'was not disposed to accept any modification in the international situation of the South African Republic, which is guaranteed by treaties.' 'The formal receipt of this menace must have meant war,' says the *Times*. Upon the news of Jameson's defeat the Kaiser wanted his note back, and Count Hatzfeldt got it from the Foreign Office, unopened.

Other documents relate to the Dreyfus case. The question has often been asked why the Germans allowed an innocent man to be condemned and sent to Devil's Island, when they knew that, as far as they were concerned, he was innocent. The answer is now available. The German Ambassador, Count Münster, did protest to the Minister of Foreign Affairs, Gabriel Hanotaux, the same man who last fall represented France in the League of Nations. 'Of Captain Dreyfus,' wrote the Ambassador to Chancellor Hohenlohe on December 13, 1894, 'no one at the Embassy, not even Lieutenant von Schwarzkoppen (the military attaché), has either known or heard anything.'

It was in Schwarzkoppen's waste-paper basket that the *bordereau*, or list of documents offered for sale, had been found by the French secret service, and though the officer was able to tell his superior truthfully that he did not know Dreyfus, he had been in negotiations with Major Esterhazy, the Hungarian renegade who died in England only last summer. But though his military honor permitted him to hire spies, it prevented him from protecting an innocent man. M. Hanotaux and the other French politicians either doubted the word of Count Münster or feared opposing the army clique, which had designated Dreyfus as the scapegoat for its own sins. The injustice later led not only close to a break with Ger-

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many, but also to a controversy in France that nearly split the country in two. Even now none of the French papers that hounded Dreyfus in those days has had the grace to make the slightest allusion to the publication of documents completely exonerating him.

Captain Dreyfus is still alive. Next fall it will be thirty years since he was first sentenced. It is nearly three hundred years since Wallenstein, the German general in the Thirty Years' War, was assassinated by imperial command, — two hundred and ninety to be exact, — and yet new data have recently been discovered concerning his alleged plotting to make himself King of Bohemia. The break-up of the Austrian Empire led to a distribution among the succession states of the records relating to their special history. Among those sent to Czechoslovakia were two documents concerning the Wallenstein affair. *Das Neue Reich* for January 12 quotes articles from the Christian-Socialist *Wiener Stimmen* and the *Prager Tagblatt*, asserting that these documents prove beyond a doubt that Wallenstein was guilty of high treason, as represented in Schiller's drama. One of the documents enumerates the awards in cash and estates, given to the different officers who betrayed him, and it does seem that Emperor Ferdinand II had to pay rather high to get rid of an army commander inclined to defy his authority. Wherein the actual proof of his treason consists, the papers quoted do not state, except in so far as it may be inferred from the diary of his confidant, Kinsky, and the latter's correspondence with the Swedish Chancellor, Axel Oxenstierna.

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A CENSOR CENSURED

THE appearance of George Creel as a champion of free speech has astonished as well as amused the Parisians. By them he is remembered as the American arch-censor during the war. In *Figaro* Maurice Bourgeois writes: —

'We are accustomed to receive from the United States extraordinary news, but never did the cables transmit anything more sensational than the report that Mr. George Creel, who was during the war the grand master of censorship in the United States, and undoubtedly the most redoubtable representative of Anastasia in the world, now has put himself at the head of a movement against — censorship! . . .

'Has Mr. Creel no heart? At least he knows what he wants and knows what he is talking about, for from April 14, 1917, to March, 1919, President Wilson placed this talented Irish-American at the head of the famous Committee on Public Information, which corresponded in a general way to our *Maison de la Presse*. This Committee — whose title, we note, avoided the word "propaganda," abhorred by the entire American nation — made itself especially celebrated by its impressive diagrams of American aeroplanes sent to Europe, published before a single machine had crossed the ocean. In brief, — and he is entirely forgiven, — the task of Mr. Creel was to "boost" the United States throughout the world. The title of the book in which he described the activities of his committee was *How We Advertised America*.

'But censorship, you ask? That was also one of Mr. Creel's duties, but don't imagine this distinguished publicist equipped with a pair of scissors and blue pencil, in the manner of our M. Mandel or Major Nusillard, or the Muscovite censor. No, Mr. Creel acted through warnings issued from time to time to the American newspapers — his celebrated "don'ts." "Don't publish such and such a piece of news;

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don't make such and such comment, which might hurt the morale of the country." At the Peace Conference Mr. Creel also censored, in a similar manner, the dispatches of the American correspondents.'

*

SPITZBERGEN COAL

WHILE, curiously enough, practically no coal has been found on the Scandinavian Peninsula, otherwise so rich in minerals, it is being mined on the islands in the Arctic known as Spitzbergen, which will probably be the starting-point of the American airship, the Shenandoah, in its flight to the North Pole next summer. Though some of the original explorations were made by an American company, the mines are now worked chiefly by the Norwegians and Swedes. The fuel shortage during the war aided considerably in the development of the property. The Swedish company, subsidized by the State, has so far, however, worked at a loss. The coal is of excellent quality, in fact equal to that of the best Yorkshire, but the expenses of mining it are still too high.

During the year July 1, 1922, to June 30, 1923, the Swedish company extracted 80,706 English tons. During the summer of 1922, 71,909 tons were shipped, and in 1923, 85,000 tons, of which about one half were supplied to the Swedish State railroads.

Though the winter season is one long arctic night, 191 employees of the company stayed over last year. During the summer the force was increased to 250. This winter there are 204.

Though the total losses so far amount to over half a million kronor, the expenses are being steadily reduced, so that in time the mines may be operated at a profit. Already the operating-costs have been reduced about twenty-two per cent, and through the introduction of more up-to-date machinery and working-methods another saving of from fifteen to twenty per cent is anticipated for the current year.

*

FRENCH POLITICAL ANALYSIS

THE recent voting for one of the three classes of the French Senate, which showed a very slight shifting to the Left, was not expected to indicate with precision the drift of political sentiment. Roland Atkinson, the Paris correspondent of the London *Sunday Times*, believes that the Liberal-Labor victory in Great Britain will help the Liberal-Radical Party, which is the technical head of the Bloc des Gauches, which was opposed at heart to the Ruhr occupation, but obliged by political considerations to appear to endorse that measure. People outside France are apt to be misled by the heavy majorities given Poincaré on votes of confidence.

But now the position loses some of its complications; first, by the practical termination of the fighting phase of the Ruhr occupation, and, secondly, by the Liberal and Labor advance in Britain. The Nationalist Bloc, which stood ostentatiously for the policy of force in the Ruhr, has not shown sufficient political ability to profit by what is commonly understood in France to be a real triumph of French policy. The Bloc des Gauches, comprising much abler tacticians, will now claim, and obtain, as much credit for the Ruhr as the Nationalists. Additionally, they will declare that they are better equipped for keeping in line with the trend of thought shown in Great Britain than the reactionary members of the Bloc National could ever be.

By championing an increase in taxation in 'defense of the franc,' Premier Poincaré has forced his Radical opponents to take on the eve of the elections an 'unpatriotic' stand. 'The Financial Verdun' this crisis is called.

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CARTOONS OF THE WEEK

As a parting shot at the retiring British Secretary for Foreign Affairs, *Le Rire* of Paris published this cartoon in colors, dedicating it 'To His Insolence Lord Curzon.'

It is not enough for a turkey cock to spread his tail to be taken for an eagle.

Progrès Civique, the Paris Radical weekly, thus satirizes those French fire-eaters who would partition Germany. The French Left favors coöperation with the Radicals across the Rhine.

'At last Germany's to be broken up!'
'Bully! We'll have ten debtors instead of one!'

Abel Faivre's drawing does not express the editorial attitude of *L'Illustration*, which writes, 'It is possible to like artistic dolls and yet vote with esprit, or even good sense.'

BETWEEN DOLLS: *They say we are going to vote.*

This imaginary scene from Buckingham Palace was drawn by 'Blix' for the Copenhagen *Berlingske Tidende.*

KING GEORGE: *Under a Labor Government we'll probably get an eight-hour day.*
QUEEN MARY: *Are you going to ask for eight hours too?*

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THE FOREIGN LEGION ATTACKS IN MOROCCO

BY PRINCE AAGE OF DENMARK

[After the defeat of Germany, the French Foreign Legion, in which so many brave young Americans gave their utmost, was returned to Northern Africa. There, as in the Philippines, a white army has to be maintained. For a continued Moroccan campaign the French budget contains this year an appropriation of 342,000,000 francs. Prince Aage is a member of the Glucksburg dynasty, several members of which have recently figured in the news: King George of Greece has been dismissed, Prince Eric, who runs a farm in Canada near that of the Prince of Wales, has married Miss Lois Booth of Ottawa, while Prince Viggo has won the hand of Miss Eleanor Margaret Green of New York. In the battle described, the author won the Croix de Guerre, with a citation relating his own acts of bravery, omitted by himself.]

From *Berlingske Tidende, December 23*
(Danish Conservative Daily)

'Get up, *mon Capitaine*, it's half-past two.'

My orderly, Gerlach, who has served twenty years in the Legion, stands by my cot in the little tent. Half asleep, I ask him in Danish what the weather is like, to which he replies: '*Comment?*'

Then I come to. Yes, now I remember it is the twenty-fourth of June. To-day El Mers is to be taken, the great objective of our operations, the centre of the Aït Iseghouchen tribe, where its holy men have stirred up the natives against the French, telling them that for every Frenchman they kill a member of the clan will get a place in Paradise. All these ideas run through my brain while I dress quickly. Gerlach packs my things, for in an hour everything has to be ready. My mule is already standing outside my tent, waiting to be loaded with that as well as with my baggage.

The sky is clear with twinkling stars. Grouped about a wooden packing-case stand a number of officers. I approach them and greet them with a good-morning. Alongside the packing-case stands a bucket of steaming coffee. On top of the box are set out a number of tin cups. While we drink the coffee we discuss what the day may bring.

'It'll probably be a hot turn,' says one.

'Yes, it's a blankety-blank piece of ground we have to pass through.'

'I've seen the air photographs,' says another. 'There will be some vacant places in the mess to-night, no doubt.'

'Stop your grumbling. We'll get through all right,' replies a young captain, while he lights a cigarette. 'What's this compared with the Great War, which we all survived?'

A short distance from the others stands a little lieutenant of the Legion. Approaching him I ask if he does n't want a cup of coffee.

'No, thank you,' he says with an embarrassed smile. 'I can't get anything down this morning. I have a feeling that I won't clear to-day. I've written a letter of farewell to my wife. Please take it, *mon Capitaine*, and do me the favor of mailing it if anything should happen to me.'

I joke with him, trying to reassure him, but quietly he turns away and goes off. 'Remember the letter,' are his last words. I put it in my pocket, and make a round of the camp to see if everything is ready.

The ranks are collecting. The men stand in little groups drinking coffee.

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The Legionnaires like a fight. A few groups begin to sing. A furious non-commissioned officer dashes at them, telling them in rather unparliamentary terms to stop. Orders have been given against any kind of noise, so that the enemy may not suspect our plan to advance. But he has already been alarmed. All around, on the mountain crests in the region through which we are going to attack, bonfires have been lit, and all know what that means. The tribes are calling their neighbors to their aid against the white man. El Mers is to be defended. The holy city is not to fall into the hands of the French.

Our two principal contingents are now in line, ready to move forward. A hushed silence reigns over the whole neighborhood. In the east the sky shows a red color. The sun is about to rise. It is half-past four in the morning. The right-hand group now moves forward. It consists of six battalions, four batteries, and two cavalry squadrons.

The group to the left begins its advance march a little later. It consists of six battalions, four batteries, and three cavalry squadrons. The General rides between the two groups, and I follow him as liaison officer.

Our first objective is a big ridge, which, in its whole length, stretches out in front of us about four kilometres away. The advance proceeds in silence; not a shot is heard. We are happy — the enemy may be surprised after all. The cavalry men have already reached their position. Against the red horizon we see their silhouettes outlined on top of the ridge.

Then suddenly a volley crackles on our right flank. In a moment the shooting becomes still more lively. The first lines advance on the double-quick. The sun appears over the mountains on the horizon. The battle of El Mers has begun.

The General rides up to the crest of the ridge. I get the order to go over to the right flank to find out what the cavalrymen have before them, as well as to instruct the first battalion of the Legion to hurry up. I ride off, followed by my hostler, and reach a little height behind which I dismount, giving the hostler instructions to wait there until I return.

Then I crawl up to the crest of the ridge as far as the squadron. Bullets whistle and whine about our ears. The squadron is on foot, and engaged in a violent battle with the enemy. The commanding officer has been mortally wounded, one lieutenant killed, another wounded, and twenty-five men killed or wounded. I approach the youngest lieutenant. 'A battalion of the Legion is coming to your aid,' I shout in his ear. 'Can you hold out?'

'Everything is going fine,' he replies. 'We 'll hold the position.'

Farther to the right of the cavalry the Legion infantry is now coming into position. I go over to it. The battalion is exposed to violent fire. I see the tall outline of the battalion commander as he rises. He is picking out positions for the machine guns. I start toward him. Suddenly I see him fall. With a jump I am at his side.

'Are you badly wounded, *mon Commandant?*' I ask.

'No, only a bullet through the thigh, but you'd better lie still here a moment until we have driven the enemy back,' he replies.

The machine gun has been put into position alongside of us, and is opening fire. Have you ever heard a machine gun in a mountain district? It rattles off its shots, four hundred to the minute, with abrupt, short, hard little cracks. The sound sends the blood tingling through the body. It puts one in a good humor; it inspires courage.

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Suddenly the machine gun stops. The gunner, a young corporal of the Legion, — a German, — has been struck in the stomach by a bullet which has disemboweled him.

He is dragged aside and put down close to me. 'Is there an officer in the neighborhood who understands German?' he gasps.

'Here, my friend,' I answer. Then he gives me his right name, as well as the address of his family, and says: 'Write home and tell them that I have done my duty and died like a man. Also give my regards to my company and tell them that I am glad to die for France.'

In a few minutes he is dead. Another has taken his place, but before long he too falls. That happens to four men in succession.

The fifth to crawl to the gunner's position is a Dane. With a thumping heart I watch him, but at the same moment a mountain battery behind us opens up and the enemy's fire gradually slows down. The battalion advances and I leave it to return to the General. After a while I find him close to the front on the left flank, beside a battery which keeps under fire a ridge in front, strongly occupied by the enemy. It is now almost nine o'clock. The heat is terrific and the dust in this sun-dried region almost unendurable. Here also the action is lively. The two officers of the battery are wounded before the eyes of the General. A sergeant takes command. Under the fire of the artillery the infantry is now advancing, taking the last position in front of El Mers.

Before us in the valley lies El Mers, a collection of *kasbahs*. But the enemy is still offering violent resistance. In several places he makes massed frontal attacks against our advancing forces, resulting in desperate bayonet fighting. At last the battalion of the Legion advances toward the kasbahs, and after a vigorous bayonet attack El Mers falls.

Amid lively cheers the French flag is hoisted over the kasbahs. Our objective has been reached. The holy city of the Aït Iseghouchen tribe has fallen. Civilization has once more made a step forward in Morocco.

But the battle is not yet over. The enemy has occupied the surrounding heights, subjecting us to a lively fire.

Only toward six o'clock at night does the battle quiet down, and our forces can begin to prepare their camps. But here they still have before them a heavy piece of work. Walls of stone have to be built as a protection against the hostile bullets, since the enemy continues to shoot at us, as, moreover, he did during the following days and nights.

I now go down to the field hospital. On the way I meet four Legionnaires carrying a stretcher. On it is the body of the little lieutenant of the Legion.

It has been a hard fight, and our losses are considerable: four officers and fifty-six noncommissioned officers and privates killed; twelve officers, one hundred and sixty-two noncommissioned officers and privates wounded. The losses of the enemy are estimated at two hundred killed and three hundred wounded.

When I return from the field hospital, I pass a battalion of the Legion at supper. Suddenly someone, in the broadest Danish country dialect, calls out: 'We pulled that off fine, Captain, did n't we? What we ought to have now is a decent glass of good Danish beer.'

I agree with him and continue my way to my tent, thinking how peaceful it is at home in Denmark, and how lovely it must be now in June along the coast road of the smiling Sound.

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RAMSAY MacDONALD: A TRANS-CHANNEL VIEW

BY POLITICUS

[In the long run, the foreign policy of the Labor Government in Great Britain will fail or succeed according to its relations with France. The attitude of the French toward the new British Premier is therefore of outstanding importance. That the Nationalists fear him there can be no doubt, nor that the Radicals, particularly the Socialists, view his coming with delight. During the war his name was anathema in Paris, as, for that matter, it was in London. But much has happened since then. The writer of this article is a regular contributor to a French weekly which on the whole takes a sensible view of things.]

From *L'Europe Nouvelle, January* 12
(PARIS LIBERAL FOREIGN-AFFAIRS WEEKLY)

FOR Jaurès Ramsay MacDonald had a feeling of veneration. He admired Marcel Sembat. He is a friend and a correspondent of Léon Blum and Jean Longuet. These friendships fix better than his speeches the attitude of the leader of the Labor Party, who has now succeeded Stanley Baldwin as Prime Minister of England.

Shortly before taking office he returned to London from his native town, Lossiemouth, a foggy little port at the head of a beautiful bay which he has compared to that of Naples, beaten though it is by the winds of the North Sea, and located two hundred kilometres from Edinburgh, near the extreme northern end of Scotland. There, during the Christmas holidays, he took a rest, surrounded by his many children. There he received daily calls from neighbors and visits from the postman, loaded with large bundles of letters and newspapers. There he refreshed himself, recalling the memory of his life-companion, who was for a long time his assistant and associate in politics. Mrs. MacDonald was a remarkable type of Englishwoman. She was the daughter of an apothecary by the name of Gladstone, and, though she was not related to the great statesman of the same name, she had nevertheless some of his exceptional qualities — in particular the social sense, which is frequently found among the upper classes of Great Britain. A square in London near the Royal Courts of Justice today contains a statue of this woman, to whom Mr. MacDonald has devoted a touching volume of notes and recollections.

While a minor shop-employee at twelve shillings a week in the City, and voluntary assistant of a druggist, who in the evenings taught him the value of exactness and of scientific methods, Ramsay MacDonald became very early a friend of Keir Hardie. In 1900 he took part in the modest beginnings of the Labor Party. In 1906, at the age of thirty, he entered the House of Commons. There he sat continuously until 1918. He has been blamed for being too fond of 'the parliamentary game.' He does not deny the charge. He likes politics, 'as others like the game of checkers.' It would be unbecoming to reproach him for this fondness for strategy. Though an upright man, he has been taught by experience that in politics the shortest distance from one point to another is not always a straight line. And then it

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must be admitted that he has not changed very much, that his pacifist attitude during the war, from which he has never departed, gained for him more than once abuse from the mob; at the elections in 1918 it deprived him of his seat in the House of Commons, and in 1921 led to a new failure at Woolwich.

Though a parliamentarian and within the Socialist Party called an 'intellectual,' being the founder and for a long time president of the 'Independent Labor Party,' Ramsay MacDonald is at the same time quite an aristocrat in manners, appearance, and temperament. Under his silvery hair he has classic features, regular and serene. His eyes are chestnut brown with glints of gold. His voice is pleasant and in public it is powerful. He is skillful both in attack and in defense. He neither wearies nor bores, — which applies, of course, only to our neighbors across the Channel, because on this side his eloquence would seem both monotonous and ministerial, — he avoids all useless animosity, he knows how to maintain pleasant relations with members of all parties, he is exact, he loves facts, he believes in facts. Therein is to be found, probably, the secret of his evolution from the Liberalism of his beginnings to Socialism, while steering clear yesterday of Marxism and to-day of Communism and Bolshevism.

He has traveled a great deal. He has written much. In 1905 he became the editor-in-chief of the *Socialist Library;* in 1904 the *Sociological Study of Women in the Printing Trades* was published under his direction. In 1912 he wrote introductions for *Adelheid Popp's Autobiography* and in 1914 for the *Fundamental Unity of India.* Of his own works he has published, in 1905, *Socialism and Society;* in 1909, *Socialism and Government;* in 1912, *Syndicalism;* in 1913, *The Social Unrest: Its Cause and Solution;* in 1919, *Parliament and Revolution;* and in 1920, *Parliament and Democracy,* and so forth.

In 1902 he visited South Africa for the *Echo.* He has taken part in the congresses of the Socialist International. He has been all over Europe. For the British Government he once made an inquiry in India. As recently as September, 1923, he accepted an invitation from the Socialists of Bulgaria, and made a tour to Sofia and the Orient.

Upon his return he found Mr. Baldwin involved in the complexities of unemployment, protection, schemes for new tariffs, and the jungle of foreign politics. Ramsay MacDonald did not hesitate. Throwing himself into the political battle, he landed heavy blows on the Tory Premier, while hoisting to the mast of his own ship the banner of the Capital Levy.

Now Ramsay MacDonald has been called by the King, and has formed a Ministry in which he has taken, in addition to the post of Prime Minister, that of the Secretary for Foreign Affairs. This is his specialty. The booklet which he published in 1923, *The Foreign Policy of the Labor Party,* of which *Le Matin* recently published a summary, deserves to be read and reread. It contains a whole programme — his own and that of his party.

In the first place, the Labor Party will refuse to assume full responsibility for the situation which it found upon its arrival to power. Thus, being the heir of a past, and of a heavy past, the Labor Party will not be childish enough to try 'to reach the Golden Age through short cuts.' If it felt like trying, 'the Russian example' would be enough to dissuade it. There will be no alliance with the United States, — a stupid and dangerous dream, — but there will be

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the closest possible coöperation with this friendly nation.

The League of Nations will be the rallying-point of the relations between Great Britain and the rest of Europe, but it is not to continue to be merely the executive council for the conquerors.

Naturally the MacDonald Government will be for Free Trade. It will therefore look favorably upon an international agreement regarding raw materials. Mr. MacDonald, in fact, hopes that there will be organized a subsidiary section of the League of Nations for this purpose.

Mr. MacDonald is sharply critical of the loans made by France to the new States for armament purposes. Though he is 'fundamentally' opposed to the methods of the Bolsheviki, he is nevertheless in favor of a diplomatic recognition of the Moscow Government. 'When a refusal to recognize diplomatically a nation involves the refusal to trade with it, the folly is all the more costly, as it punishes the chastiser more severely in the long run than the victim.' O commercial sense! O British instinct!

These definitions and shadings bring out clearly enough the political physiognomy, the native prudence of Mr. MacDonald. But what can he do to relieve unemployment? Addressing a crowd on November 19 from a democratic third-class compartment, he said: 'Unemployment, the troubles in Europe, the high cost of living, all began under the régime of Mr. Lloyd George. . . . By reducing the public debt the Capital Levy will cut down unemployment and will ameliorate the situation of the British people.' But how will the British people stand these new taxes, not to say confiscations, of which so much is expected?

Being by nature a skillful seaman, Mr. MacDonald will tack to reach port. He knows how to tack. He also knows how to persist in error. That has been noticed on several occasions. And it is very difficult, when the dogmas of a Nonconformist church have been replaced by idealistic aspirations, no matter how sincere, not to yield some day to the sirens of ideology. And furthermore, one is not born for nothing in the fogs of Northern Scotland.

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THE WOMEN MEMBERS OF PARLIAMENT

BY I. A. R. WYLIE

[*Among plants, adaptability is the surest sign of vitality. By analogy it may be reasoned that the British political system shows signs of exceptional vigor. To how many changes has it not adapted itself? A Labor Government in power and eight women in Parliament! And King George still reigns. Australian born, Miss Wylie is a sprightly novelist.*]

From the *Sunday Times, January* 13
(London Sunday Paper)

I think it was Rose Macaulay who once complained whimsically that women are still 'news,' and that when all else fails — murders, suicides, and divorce cases — it is always possible for journalists to propound such questions as: 'Are Women Moral?' or 'Can Women Love?' with an air of novelty and even excitement. It is inevitable, therefore, that the eight women elected to Parliament should be regarded as very 'newsy' indeed, and that for a time the fact that they are women will overshadow the fact that they happen also to be human beings — and very outstanding human beings at that.

Obviously any woman elected just now must be outstanding. All sorts of nondescript and insignificant men get elected for all sorts of nondescript and insignificant reasons. But a woman, handicapped still by prejudice and usually entrusted by her party with a thoroughly unsafe 'seat,' has got to have a big pull somewhere. And having just come from a complimentary dinner and heard seven of the eight speak one after another, I am convinced that in the main the 'pull' has been one of sheer personality.

It was rather like listening to the distinct notes of a scale. All seven were markedly free from any resemblance to one another, and all gave a suggestion of being subtly related. For one thing, Parliament has not yet — and, please God, it never may — dressed them in that political uniform which makes political men — like waiters — so distressingly alike. They were very much themselves. Take Lady Astor, the Ariel of the House of Commons, ready with a shrewd tweak or two for the inveterate Calibans, generous and gallant, sparklingly irreverent, sincere and gay, the very woman to lead other women over the ruins of pompous and stuffy conventions; and then Mrs. Wintringham, wise and kindly, with a glint of motherly humor; Mrs. Philipson and Lady Terrington secretly, one imagines, a little amused and astonished at themselves, but sincere, playing the 'human' note as the one most suited to their dexterity; the Duchess of Atholl, enigmatic, contained, with a drier humor; Margaret Bondfield, born speaker, trained in the open air, accustomed to hard fighting, vigorous and statesmanlike, with the shadow of the Cabinet already over her; Dorothy Jewson, passionate, impatient, a little grim, too eager — perhaps too hurt by experience — to laugh easily.

And yet, as I have said, all with that under-suggestion of belonging to one another. One fancies that among the hundreds of their fellow members, divided by party and temperament, they will have a secret language by

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which they will transcend their differences.

Altogether a queer, astonishing, dramatic business, when you come to think of it.

After all, it is only ten years since women were being ridden down by mounted police, derided, insulted, imprisoned for suggesting that they might one day be citizens. They were very modest. The idea of women M. P.'s was as far from their ambitions as the millennium. I remember thinking to myself, 'If only one woman could have a vote before I die!'

And here I 've been sitting among hundreds of well-dressed men and women, loudly applauding our eight, eating an excellent dinner in their honor, exactly as though women M.P.'s and the suffrage had always been the most respectable and natural things in the world.

Well, if a certain grimness mingles itself with one's satisfaction, who can wonder? Nothing succeeds like success. We remember how the horned and hoofed Fury of *Punch's* cartoons became suddenly — overnight, so to speak — a Joan of Arc brandishing her banner on the ruins of prejudice. 'At Last!' I think, was the superscription. 'And no thanks to you, Mr. Punch,' might have been added.

And to-night one might have kept one's reflections on this matter entirely merry if it had n't been for the women who were n't there. Or they may have come, unseen to us. At least they would have found that amid all the noise of victory they were being remembered. The gentle heroic spirit of Lady Constance Lytton, for instance, who was broken not only by her fight for other women but by that unique sacrifice by which she proved to an indifferent world that there is one law for the rich and another for the poor, must have been an actual presence to many of us. A pity, surely, that we must always kill someone before we do the right thing. Yesterday it was the suffragette. To-morrow it will be somebody else. And in a few years the dead will have their way just the same.

However, this is dismal. Absurd to be haunted — and at such a good dinner too. And indeed there is much to be grateful for. Our eight — as they most generously admitted — have reaped the harvest. The women who sowed won't grudge it them, one feels sure. Excellent harvesters. Fine women. Fine human beings. One felt very proud of them. One wanted to take some confirmed anti by the ear and say, 'Just look at them!' But, then, there are n't any antis — at least, not antisuffragists. They 've become anti-something else by this time. Because the 'anti' attitude toward life is not the result of reason or reflection, but the sum total of a temperament and an outlook, and is therefore incurable.

And now, what next? The eight will not perform miracles. It is not expected of them — they do not expect it of themselves. In a sense they have already accomplished their task. They are there. And in another sense it was the struggle rather than the victory that mattered. No suffragist ever expected wonders of the vote, but she did expect wonders from the fight for the vote. And she has been justified. The vote was vital, because it represented fundamental justice, without which it was impossible to build further.

But as a magician's wand it is obviously unsatisfactory. The best and cleverest woman can't be expected to do much with it. But the struggle for it has given women the only freedom that matters. They have become themselves at last.

That is what the eight stand for.

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And the 'anti' has had one more clout over its narrow, ungenerous pate. And, though we cannot hope that the blow is fatal, it is all to the good. Perhaps new groups of people struggling for some new advance will have to suffer so much the less. One hopes — Meantime it is a fine age to be alive in. An age of swift change — when one looks back, of almost miraculous change. Aeroplanes and eight women M.P.'s! Why, next year we may find God — or happiness. Anything is possible.

IMPRESSIONS OF THE GERMAN REICHSTAG

BY JC.

[*In Germany, as well as in France and Italy, parliamentary elections are impending. Among European national assemblies the German Reichstag is a relative newcomer, which perhaps explains why it has never been able fully to assert its authority. Actually Germany appears to be ruled, just as formerly, by a military autocracy, but this collective weakness of the German Reichstag does not preclude the presence of strong individual types. The writer is the regular Berlin correspondent of a Swedish daily which, while consistently pro-English, has since the war taken a strong anti-French and pro-German attitude.*]

From *Göteborgs Handels och Sjöfarts Tidning, December* 27
(SWEDISH LIBERAL DAILY)

PARLIAMENTARY life in Germany has a vague and confused tenor that is not to be found in other countries where representative institutions are better founded in tradition and possessed of a greater stock of collective experience. The German Reichstag has never been able to acquire that firm faith in its own sovereignty, the unshakable self-respect of popular assemblies with older habits of power. Consequently it has never been able to surround itself with that impressive nimbus of authority which, for instance, characterizes the English House of Commons. This lack of tradition and this stamp of mediocrity are everywhere apparent. Even one who has gained in Sweden his idea of what a national assembly ought to be like finds it difficult to feel for the German Reichstag any real and sincere respect, no matter how stately the palace in which it deliberates, or how often it is addressed with the phrase, 'this high assembly,' or how carefully its lackeys see to it that no one enters the sanctuary of *die Wandelhalle* with his hat on.

Just as in every foreign parliament, — perhaps to avoid contagion, — the members of the Reichstag are purposely assigned to separate seats in the public auditorium, and even the tables in the Reichstag restaurant are labeled according to parties. In Stockholm, on the other hand, members of different parties are permitted to sit at the same checkerboard tables — which here in Berlin would be regarded as a sin against the Holy Ghost.

In its outward aspect the most imposing feature of a plenary session is

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perhaps the little President, Herr Löbe, in his big chair — a strict schoolmaster who, with his penetrating glance, his calm determination, and his skillfully manipulated bell, rules the refractory pupils. His ability to fulfill his duty has frequently been the surest guaranty for the possibility of doing any work in a parliament where *Zwischenrufe* are part of the ordinary methods of procedure, and where parliamentary disturbances are extensively resorted to. Half of his troubles are caused by the small but vociferous clique at the extreme Left; for between the voices of the Communists and the bell of the President there is a fundamental and persistent opposition.

It is not plenary sessions, however, but party caucuses, which constitute the gist and essence of German parliamentary activity. The party clashes in plenary sessions are theatrical performances for the public, in which the parties send to the stage only suitable representatives. For a real decisive debate in the German Reichstag one waits in vain. Under such circumstances, parliamentary eloquence becomes mainly an offensive or defensive exposition of the party programme. To discover creative political ideas, one must, despite the length of the speeches, have recourse to a microscope. Nor do the party popes like to allow minor figures to appear for public inspection; so the faces one sees on the tribune hardly change from one big day to another.

To pick a few characteristic personal types from the large gallery is perhaps risky, but tempting. I shall do so absolutely at haphazard, covering the whole range. At the extreme Left the attention is arrested by the black-bearded Russian physiognomy of the wordy Herr Frölich, or by the strictly proletarian aspect of Herren Höllein and Koenen. Nearest neighbor to the Communists is the Ledebour group, which, to be sure, consists of only two members, but which frequently occupies the lion's share of the debate, because the high-strung temperament of the 'party leader' has recently deteriorated into the irritable obstinacy of an old man.

The powerful Socialist group has many interesting faces. Let it suffice to note on one of the front benches the powerful neck of Herman Müller, in one of the aisles the blond 'Christus' beard of Crispian, and then the Social Democrats' great specialist in foreign affairs, Breitscheid, who, tall and slender as a bean-pole, ambles before the speaker's tribune with his hands in his pockets. He is, nevertheless, one of the best orators in the Reichstag.

The Democratic group has melted down considerably, and, though in all ministerial crises it has acted as an index finger on the political scale, its speakers usually have to content themselves with a faint interest from a scattered and babbling house. Next comes the party of the smooth-shaven Clerical faces and high-buttoned cassocks, the Centre, which has boosted three of its less-Clerical members to the Chancellor's position.

Between the Centre and the extreme Right are crowded, in addition to the German People's Party, a few small groups, of which only the Bavarian People's Party, whose constant spokesman is the silver-tongued Dean Leicht of Munich, has any importance. When not seated, as at present, on the Government's bench, Stresemann has his seat in the midst of the German People's Party quite near the tribune. There one looks, furthermore, for the man of whom everyone speaks, but who never speaks himself in plenary sessions and seldom in committee — Stinnes; and there one sees the interesting and shaggy old head of Pro-

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fessor Kahl, the man who witnessed the proclamation of the Empire in the same Hall of Mirrors, at Versailles, where two of the members of the present Reichstag, Herman Müller and Bell, signed the peace treaty. At times the latter presides over the session, though with less success than the ordinary occupant of the high seat.

On the front benches of the Right one may discern among others the clear-cut face of Helfferich, the oddly shaped head of Hergt, and the more fleshy façade of Count Westarp. There in the aisle, as though constantly on the jump, stands, stroking his beard, the Mephistophelean Graefe. As a speaker he is amusing and well liked, despite his cynical fanaticism.

Above, on the tribune, is the ministerial agony-bench with the kindly eyes of Chancellor Marx twinkling over his gray moustache, the smooth-shaven faces of Jarres and Luther, and farther along the line the successor of Noske, the bald-headed Gessler, who a few days ago showed himself able to accept with good humor a possible dismissal, but who on this bench has survived five Chancellors.

At present the German Reichstag contains 459 members, distributed as follows (the figures are not absolutely up to date, but are approximately correct): United Socialists, 178; the Centre, 69; German Nationalists, 67; German People's Party, 65; Democrats, 40; Bavarian People's Party, 19; Communists, 11; Bavarian Peasants' Party, 4; German Hanoverians, 2; and — *mirabile dictu* — Independents, 4.

'The German people, united in its racial strains, has adopted this fundamental law,' reads the introduction to the Weimar Constitution. If this means anything more than a mere declaration, if it has the force of a provision of law, then the German people, or rather its representatives, are decidedly unconstitutional. But as 'all authority is derived from the people' they consequently may have the right to be a little free about the unity proclaimed in the Constitution.

To a considerable extent the people have confidently placed this power in the hands of the Reichstag, but perhaps it is worth while to note, in conclusion, how the latter has to share its power with another authority, which, in the continual ministerial crises, and especially in recent times of threatening dissolution, has played a larger rôle and has had more to do than the average man realizes. This is the authority represented by the wise saddle-maker in the former Imperial Palace in Wilhelmstrasse.

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EXPLORING A SOVIET BORDERLAND

BY A. FERSMAN

[*The author is probably the most distinguished scientist in the service of the Soviet Government, which has issued a voluminous work, entitled* The Natural Productive Powers of Russia, *under his direction. This article describes the progress made by one of several scientific expeditions sent out by the Soviet authorities to survey the as yet unexplored natural resources of Russia's little-known border countries.*]

From *Moscow Pravda, December 5*
(COMMUNIST-PARTY OFFICIAL DAILY)

FOR four years, during the short summer months, a special section of the Northern Scientific Expedition of the Economic Technical Society has been at work in Central Lapland. After four years of persistent and severe labor, the exploration of the great mountain ridges which rise in the midst of the swampy and wooded *taiga* of the peninsula between the Arctic Ocean and the White Sea has been completed. In spite of the handicaps suffered on account of the country's economic chaos, the 'Hibin Section' — so named for the high Hibin tundra — succeeded in finishing its great scientific task and has prepared a voluminous report upon this hitherto almost unknown and mysterious corner of the boundary countries of the Russian Soviet Federated Socialist Republic.

Hibin and Lovoyarvi tundras, with their snow-fields and picturesque Alpine landscapes, attract the attention of all persons who travel to the Arctic Ocean on the Murman Railway. More than thirty years ago these regions were visited by a Finnish expedition, which, as a result of its brief reconnaissance, published a now classic work dealing with them. However, further exploration was stopped, and we were almost the first to blaze a path in this unknown country, which has the highest mountains in European Russia excepting those of the Caucasus.

These two tundras are surrounded by large lakes, nearly fifty miles across, and by dense forests that extend like long tongues into the depths of the valleys. Luxuriant spruce and pine timber was found throughout the entire area of nearly eight hundred square miles. Blue Alpine lakes, alive with fish, are squeezed in the spaces between the mountain walls, emptying into dark mountain streams and chains of smaller highland lakes, just as they do in Switzerland. During the brief summer months great waterfalls afford sites for future power-development. There is not the slightest doubt that, in less than ten years, great progress will be made in this direction, under the stimulus of the new Murman Railway.

In all this country, which extends over sixty miles from east to west and two thirds that distance from north to south, we found only a few scattered Lapland fishermen. Cut off from the centres of civilization and surrounded by herds of reindeer, they make their living by grazing and fishing, and they are so wild that, when we approached one village, all the residents fled into the woods.

When we began our explorations we did not know how to cross the moun-

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tain passes that give access to the remoter portions of the mountain region. Gradually, step by step, our expedition prospected the country, discovered passes free from snow, and blazed a way through virgin forest by cutting the trees, so that now in two days' time one may reach the central Lake Umpyarvi, hemmed in between two mountain masses, from which issues the River Umpa, which flows into the White Sea.

The Hibin mountains are rich in rare minerals. They contain great reserves of zirconium ores, so much sought by chemical and metallurgical industries; there are also as yet unknown quantities of phosphates, the foundation of agricultural fertilizers.

After living several months each season in huts and tents, our men at last, as a result of four years' labor, have completed a thorough exploration of this whole area. Therefore the Hibin and Lovoyarvi mountains are now beginning to form part of our known economic resources. At the foot of these mountains, so rich in important fertilizer-materials like potash, an agricultural experiment station is being established, which will train the people to raise cabbages, potatoes, and carrots on the fertile soil during the short arctic summer. Attention already is being given to the forest wealth, while a thorough study of the zirconium-ore deposits is planned for next summer.

A scheme is also being worked out for establishing here a centre for scientific excursions and winter sports. Only a thousand kilometres from Petrograd we have a beautiful region for Russian tourists, for hardening our youth in the clear, clean mountain air, for the development of persistence, self-reliance, and resourcefulness. In 1922, under our direction, students of the Moscow Military Topographic School were taught practical field-work in this district, and excursion parties from Petrograd higher institutions of learning have visited the ridges and valleys nearest the railway, in the neighborhood of the Hibin tundras.

Having completed this task, the same expedition, with the benefit of its recent experience to aid it, will now undertake to explore the country south of Lake Baikal in Siberia, as far as the snowy ridges of the Saian-tam, where we know there is country very similar to the Hibin mountains, and where scientists expect to find precious metals.

We must thus inventory the hitherto unknown resources of the entire country, for the Russian Soviet Federated Socialist Republic cannot satisfactorily defend its boundaries unless it thoroughly explores its border regions.

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INDIA AND THE AMERICAN OPIUM SUPPLY

BY JOHN CAMPBELL

[Wherever the drugs may come from, there is little doubt that the use of narcotics is on the increase in the United States. Criminologists assert that there are over one million addicts in the country. The money tribute exacted from them by drug-peddlers is enormous.]

From the *Asiatic Review, January*
(British Colonial Quarterly)

The rapid extension in America of the abuse of drugs has attracted attention to this important social problem; and the American press has, during the past nine months or so, devoted a very large amount of space to discussions dealing with all aspects of the question. In general these discussions indicate an honest desire to get at the facts of the case, to find out exactly the nature and extent of the evil, and to devise the best means of combating it. But unfortunately the whole of the American press has not approached the subject in this manner; there can be no doubt that in some cases the social and humanitarian aspects of the question have been entirely subordinated to other considerations; the discussions have been given, quite gratuitously, a strong political bias; and not infrequently it is only too obvious that the intention has been, not to aid in the solution of an urgent and important problem, but to broadcast statements which are usually inaccurate — and are often grotesquely so — with the object of vilifying England and India.

These statements are, in general, so damaging, so obviously false, and so readily susceptible of disproof, that it is difficult to resist the conclusion that they have been deliberately made with the sole object of waking a strong popular feeling against the Governments of Great Britain and India. One of the largest New York papers charged India with producing over 600,000 tons of opium each year, 'with which to drug the world'; the actual production of British India ranges about 800 tons. This section of the American press holds India directly and immediately responsible for the production of the opium from which the morphine and heroin used by drug addicts in America is made: as a matter of fact no Indian opium goes now, or has ever gone, to America.

In view of this campaign of misrepresentation, it is of primary importance to state the essential facts of the problem as clearly and concisely as possible. These facts are (*a*) India does not export opium to the United States of America, nor has she ever done so; (*b*) India does not export opium to countries on the American continent in any but the most trifling quantities, and at very irregular intervals; (*c*) the laws in force in America are so drawn that Indian opium is now, and has for many years been, excluded from America, inasmuch as it contains less than the prescribed percentage of morphine; (*d*) India does not export opium to England, or to any other country, for eventual reëxport to the American continent; and no Indian opium does in fact find its way to America by any channel whatsoever, except possibly such trifling quantities as may be

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smuggled by the crews of ships trading between Far Eastern ports and ports in the United States; (*e*) India does not now export, nor has she at any time exported, dangerous drugs such as morphia, heroin, cocaine, and so forth, to America, either directly or indirectly.

All these statements are readily verifiable. It follows from them that India cannot be regarded as in any sense a source of supply of opium, or of dangerous drugs, either for legitimate use or for abuse in America. But the facts stated above, cogent as they are, do not give a complete presentation of the position; nor do they bring out adequately the more comprehensive safeguards which India has created.

To do this, it is necessary to sketch, in rough outline, the general measures which the Government of India has taken to protect all countries, including America, against the possible danger of receiving opium, produced in India, in excess of their ascertained and legitimate requirements. India has given a formal undertaking that she will not allow any opium to leave her shores for export to any particular country, unless the Government of that country certifies that the opium so to be exported is required for legitimate purposes. So far from pressing its opium on any country, India requires, as a condition precedent to export, that the importing Government must satisfy itself that the quantity asked for is reasonable; that Government must certify that the opium is required for legitimate purposes, and must assume the administrative and moral responsibility of seeing that the opium imported is not in fact employed for purposes of abuse.

With the object of emphasizing and pressing home this responsibility, the Government of India has for several years steadily pursued the policy of selling its opium, so far as that was possible, direct to the Governments concerned; it felt that in this way the responsibility of these Governments for controlling the use to which the opium was put was made clearer, more direct, and more public. As the result of steady perseverance in this policy, India now sells roughly three quarters of her total exports of opium direct to responsible Governments; but it is important to remember that, as regards the balance of approximately one quarter, the control of the importing Government remains absolute and unimpaired.

The Government of India probably hoped that the adoption of these arrangements would disarm its critics, but they underrated their ingenuity. There is still a party, small perhaps but very vocal, which urges with vehemence that the system is entirely unsatisfactory, inasmuch as it is left to the importing Governments to decide what quantities of opium they shall import, and to determine what construction shall be placed upon the word 'legitimate.' This contention is, it may be noted in passing, not strictly correct, for the Government of India, while naturally averse for obvious reasons from challenging the accuracy of a certificate issued by a responsible Government, has in fact refused to allow exports in cases where it was thoroughly satisfied that the certificates produced were unreliable. The major contention, however, remains; analyzed, it seems to amount to this — that the Government of India should set up in business as the moral mentor of the world in respect of the drug traffic. It is for India, the critics say in effect, to determine what quantity of opium a particular country needs, and to determine also what is 'legitimate' use in that country.

This proposition has only to be stated for its absurdity to become manifest. The writer recollects discussing the point with a distinguished American,

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now a Senator, who agreed that India had done everything possible, everything that anyone could reasonably demand of her, up to a point; but he asked why she should not take the final step and ration the world. It was put to him that the adoption of such a policy would be tantamount to saying in effect: 'We mistrust the certificates signed by other Governments. We doubt whether they have the information, or the ability, or possibly the honesty of purpose, necessary to handle this problem. We, a foreign Government, with practically no sources of direct information open to us, propose to take it out of their hands and decide it for them.' He agreed that this was a fair statement of the essential point involved, and his opinion as to the reception likely to be accorded to such a policy in America was emphatic and unequivocal.

Apart from considerations of national dignity and international courtesy, it is obvious that it would be wholly impracticable for India, or for any other country, to attempt to decide what quantity of opium or dangerous drugs any particular Government should be allowed. So far as the writer is aware, no country has yet solved that problem satisfactorily, even for its own territory; to solve it for another country is absolutely impossible, with the machinery now available and in the conditions which now exist.

So far as the opium traffic of India is concerned, America would therefore seem to enjoy the maximum degree of protection possible against the occurrence of any abuse. India sends her no opium; and India sends out no opium at all unless a responsible Government certifies that that opium is necessary for its legitimate purposes.

In other words, India has done everything possible to prevent the formation of any pool from which opium could be smuggled to illicit destinations. If such smuggling of Indian opium does exist, it can only exist in virtue of excessive demands made on India by dishonest or incapable Governments, demands which the Government of India cannot reasonably reduce until it is in a position to satisfy itself, on clear evidence, that the quantities asked for are, in fact, unduly large. As already stated, it does not hesitate to reduce such demands when it is so satisfied; but the course of the export trade during recent years suggests that abuses of this nature seldom occur. Within the knowledge of the writer, a close study of the subject for several years has led to the accumulation of convincing proof as against one Government only, and to the formulation of a case of strong suspicion as against one other Government.

The policy and practice of the Government of India having now been explained in the roughest outline, and the fundamental facts as regards the position of America having been stated, one is in a better position to form a reasoned opinion on the main contention of the American press, which is that the drug evil must be attacked at the source if successful results are to be obtained. Briefly, the suggestion is that the production of opium, and of the coca leaf, must be limited by means of some effective machinery to the quantities necessary for medical and scientific purposes.

This proposal has, admittedly, an alluring simplicity; there is an attractive 'root and branch' vigor about it likely to commend it to the average man, who rightly feels that something effective must be done at once to end an abominable traffic; and it has an air of administrative feasibility calculated to disarm criticism of the more technical kind. But it bristles with fatal objections, and the simplicity is unfortunately apparent only.

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In Europe and America the problem is solely a *drug* problem. There is no abuse of opium, and there is practically no consumption of opium except for unquestionably legitimate medical purposes. But, throughout Europe and America, there is now undoubtedly a widespread abuse of drugs. The 'bottle-neck' of the system does not lie in the producing countries, where poppy or coca leaves are grown, but in the manufacturing countries, where the only drugs used by America and Europe are produced. Cocaine, for example, is made in a very few factories, all of which are definitely marked down, from coca leaves grown principally in the Dutch Indies and in Southern America; morphia, heroin, and the allied drugs are manufactured from opium, again in a very few factories, all of which are known.

The fabrication of these drugs is a difficult business, requiring skilled control, suitable and delicate machinery, and long experience. Further, the trade is concentrated to a quite remarkable degree. In Great Britain there are only three factories which make morphia and its derivatives; in America there may be as many as ten or fifteen factories for the whole country, but several of these are comparatively unimportant. Probably the whole of the cocaine factories in the world could be counted on the fingers of one's two hands. Here then, indubitably, is the 'bottle-neck' of the business. Control these factories adequately, and you control morphia, heroin, and cocaine at the real source.

You cannot control at the physical source — the country where the raw material is grown — for various reasons. In the case of cocaine, for example, the percentage of extractable drug in the leaves varies enormously in different conditions; it would, in the opinion of competent chemists, be impossible to say that so many acres would produce so much of the pure drug. Further, who is to determine to what extent production shall be reduced, and what share is to be retained by Peru or Holland of the truncated trade? There is no authority with power to allocate to the various countries their share of the total production which might finally be decided on, and there seems no likelihood of having these quotas fixed by agreement.

The position in respect of opium is very much more complicated. The poppy is grown by a large number of countries; several of these are not signatories of the Hague Convention; some of them, though signatories of that Convention, do not, in fact, possess either the will or the power to render effective any decisions which might be arrived at as to the limitation of production; and the situation is still further complicated by the fact that most of the producing countries, with the exception of India, have no statistics of any value as to the crop. China, which probably grows over 80 per cent of the total world-production of opium, officially prohibits the cultivation of the poppy. Can it be imagined for a moment that in these circumstances 'limitation at the source to the amounts required for medical and scientific purposes' is a practicable policy?

Would Afghanistan be likely to agree? Would Persia and Turkey accept and carry out efficiently the decisions of an International Conference as to the limitation of a crop which has in the past constituted one of their chief sources of revenue? And what about the 80 per cent of the world crop grown in China? It is true that China's exports have not hitherto been large; but the enormous, and wholly illegal and uncontrolled, production of opium in China is now a menace to the world. Control of the production of coca

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leaves and of opium at the source is an entirely impracticable proposal in the world as it exists to-day. The power to impose a solution, the will to carry out that solution, the administrative machinery necessary, the statistics requisite to enable the problem to be stated and solved, are all alike lacking.

There is another fundamental difficulty inherent in the suggestion for control at the source. Before there could be even the semblance of such control, a new international agreement, extending, varying, and amplifying the Hague Convention, would be essential. Now it took exactly nine years and a world war to render the Hague Convention fairly generally effective. Despite the pressure which could be exercised, and was in fact exercised, under the various peace treaties, Persia still stands outside the Convention; and Turkey has only agreed to come in under the recent Lausanne Treaty. It would be unduly optimistic to expect anything in the nature of close control in Turkey for many years to come; there is no prospect of obtaining any control either in Persia or Afghanistan; and, as we have already seen, China is white with poppy although that crop is legally prohibited there.

India, Turkey, and Persia are probably of approximately equal importance as exporters of opium; Afghanistan supplies a considerable but much smaller quantity; and China's present exports are unascertainable, though it is known that they are large enough to embarrass seriously the Governments of Hongkong, Burma, and Indo-China. Were the proposal for control at the source carried, the obvious result would be that, while India would scrupulously carry out any engagement she might enter into, there would, in fact, be no reasonable prospect that the effective collaboration of the other countries concerned could be obtained. The burden would fall on India, and on India alone. Nor would the world at large be benefited, inasmuch as there is ample land available suitable for poppy cultivation, and under the control of countries which would either refuse to enter into any engagement on the subject, or which could not as a matter of experience be depended on to implement any such engagements which they might undertake.

The essential thing is not more international engagements, but rigid honesty and sound administration in respect of the engagements already concluded. There is, however, a very natural human tendency to think that a matter can be settled by passing an *ad hoc* law on the subject; and that tendency has, perhaps, been more apparent on the American than on the English side of the Atlantic. America passed a law in 1909 which enabled her to appear at the Shanghai Conference 'with reasonably clean hands.' The quotation is from an American authority on the subject. But, despite her quite excellent law, America did nothing to put it into effect for nearly thirteen years. She denounced the iniquities of the traffic; but she entirely failed to use the weapon, ready forged and lying in her arsenal, which would have been amply sufficient to enable her to remedy the evils of which she complained.

She has still weapons fully adequate to deal with her present situation, but the popular cry is not for their use but for the passing of new laws, the formulation of new international agreements, designed to prevent the necessity arising of America having to help herself. That is not characteristic of the spirit which has made America so great and powerful; in the writer's view, the phenomenon is due solely to the fact that the American public is unaware of the facts of the case. Their law of 1909

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prohibited the importation of opium except for medical purposes; since 1909 to the time of the Jones-Miller law, America steadily imported, without any attempt at check, quantities of opium enormously in excess of her medical requirements. Further, she obtained that opium exclusively from sources which were not subject to international control of any kind — in other words, the whole of her opium came from Turkey and Persia, both of which countries stood outside the Hague Convention. The position was exactly similar in the case of the much more noxious drugs such as morphine, heroin, cocaine, and so forth. Practically the whole of her imports, during the last year when such imports could legally be made, came from Switzerland, which also is outside the Hague Convention.

There was no secret about these imports, and the question of smuggling did not arise. The drugs were openly imported; they are duly entered in the United States customs returns; duty was paid on them to the United States Government. The customs duties were not particularly high; they were certainly in no sense prohibitive. Why should anyone have bothered to attempt to smuggle when the front door stood open? And why should America seek to place upon other nations the responsibility for a state of things which she could have stopped, at any moment, had she chosen to enforce her own statutes on the subject?

India resents, and rightly, the constant stream of abuse to which she has been subjected, more particularly in America. That abuse is, beyond all doubt, due in part to political motives. It cannot be doubted for a moment that the American people would have been the first to see that this torrent of calumny was stopped had they been aware of the facts of the case. India is no more responsible for the drug situation in America than she is for the dolmens in Brittany. She stands absolutely and completely outside America's problem, except to the small extent to which the Philippine Islands are concerned. That is a matter which can best be treated separately. It is sufficient here to say that, as regards these islands, India has throughout done her best to assist America in carrying to a successful conclusion an experiment which India herself initiated, many years before, for the larger problem, and in the more difficult circumstances, of Burma.

What are the results which India and America have respectively achieved in their efforts to grapple with the drug problem? Reduced to their simplest terms, they are that India — a country where opium has been used for generations, where it is employed in every household as the medicine in most common use, where the poppy can grow almost everywhere — has been for thirty years kept down to an average consumption of 26 grains per head per annum. In the official Report of the Special Committee of Investigation appointed by the Secretary of the United States Treasury in 1918 on the traffic in narcotic drugs, the consumption in America of these drugs, excluding cocaine, was 36 grains per head, in terms of raw opium. That corresponds to an equivalent figure for Indian opium — on the basis of its morphine content — of 54 grains.

In other words, the latest official figures show that India has for thirty years kept its consumption at less than half the consumption in America up to the year 1918. The Indian figure is 26, as against an equivalent official figure of 45 for Switzerland, and an approximate estimate of about 22 for the northern countries of Europe. The estimated legitimate requirements of

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America range about 15 grains, in terms of raw Indian opium.

These results certainly do not suggest that India has any cause for dissatisfaction with the results of her policy of the domestic control of narcotic drugs; they do suggest that America has much to learn from Indian practice; and they place in a somewhat lurid light the campaign of vilification which a portion of the American press has directed against India. These facts are only now becoming known in the United States; and there are already many signs that India's attitude, and India's policy, are beginning to be adequately appreciated there. Warm tributes have not infrequently been paid to India's self-sacrificing efforts, both as regards China and in respect of her opium policy generally; and the people of America are beginning to discover that they have been led by their press into forgetting the beam in their own eye while professing much concern regarding the mote in their neighbors'.

AN ARAB HOME IN TRANSJORDANIA

BY LORD RAGLAN

[*The present Lord Raglan — a famous name in British history — was a political officer in Palestine*, 1919–1921.]

From the *English Review, December*
(ULTRA-CONSERVATIVE MONTHLY)

As we enter the gate we find ourselves in a large courtyard of irregular shape. In one corner half a dozen camels are tethered on the ground, and are being given their evening meal of balls made of a kind of small bean. There are twenty or thirty cows in the yard, and the ploughmen are coming in, each seated on a donkey, with the wooden shaft of the plough trailing behind, driving his pair of bullocks in front of him.

The guest-chamber is on the left as we enter. It is a large square building with the door in the middle of the north wall and a window on each side of it, but no windows in the other walls. It is built of dressed limestone; over the door is an old Greek basalt lintel carved with festoons of vines.

The eldest son of the sheik bids me welcome and takes my horse's head. The sheik meets me in the doorway and shakes me warmly by the hand, using the customary expressions of welcome.

Some always insist on kissing one; this is not as bad as it sounds — one merely puts one's mouth in the vicinity of the other man's ear and makes a kissing noise.

As one enters one says, 'Peace be upon you,' and all reply, 'And upon you peace,' and the sheik completes the formula with 'And the mercy of God and His blessings.'

In towns and places frequented by foreigners this greeting is kept for Moslems, but in the country everyone uses it, and not to return a Christian's

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greeting is considered churlish rather than pious.

Everyone rises and one is shown to the seat of honor, which is opposite the door, thus differing from a tent, in which the seat of honor is against the partition.

The floor is of cement made of mixed lime and earth. At the door there is a step down, leaving a space in which people leave their boots. The roof consists of stone arches, then poplar-wood rafters, and finally rushes covered with mud. The flat top is slightly out of the horizontal, so as to let the water run off into a storage cistern, and is kept flat by being rolled after rain with a small stone roller. The walls are white and bare except for some crude colored patterns made by the women and a few texts from the Koran.

There are two small cupboards containing pipes, and so forth, and at the end there is a large recess in which are stacked a dozen quilts ready for the night. All round the room are spread mattresses covered with carpets, and each guest has a wooden box-shaped stool with a cushion to rest his arm on.

As soon as we have seated ourselves, those who have arrived before us raise their right hands to their brows and say, 'May God give you a good evening,' to which we reply, 'Good evening.' We then call for water, which is brought in a wooden bowl out of which all who wish drink, and then everyone says to the drinkers, 'Prosperously,' to which the answer is 'God prosper you.'

There are in Arabic a large number of these conventional expressions. They may sound absurd, but are not more so than our 'Please don't trouble,' 'Not at all,' and so forth, and their use is absolutely standardized, so that one always knows that one is saying the proper thing. The foreigner who does not trouble to learn them is always regarded as an ignorant, ill-mannered person.

There is a story of a bishop who visited a Christian village. He called for water in the presence of the inhabitants assembled to pay their respects; all wished him prosperity; and he had to invite the Deity to prosper about a hundred men in rapid succession. He swore never to drink in public again.

Meanwhile our host is making the coffee, a task too important to be left to the women. In the middle of the room is a square of stones let into the floor, and in this is a charcoal fire round which stand half a dozen brass coffeepots of different sizes. The more important a sheik, the larger and more numerous are his coffeepots. The beans — having been examined and broken ones rejected — are placed in a huge iron spoon with a handle about three feet long. In this they are roasted till they are nicely brown, not black, and are then poured into the mortar, which is heavy and made of carved oak, as is the pestle. The operator produces a sort of tune by striking alternately the beans and the sides of the mortar. This is not so easy as it looks, and to do it skillfully is considered something of an accomplishment. The coffee is then poured into one of the pots, boiling water and a pinch of cinnamon are added, and it is then brought up to boiling-point several times but not allowed to boil. The host then takes three or four little china cups without handles, and to each guest, beginning with the principal, pours out just enough for three sips, which are taken slowly and with much gusto. Sugar is thought to spoil the flavor.

To pour out more than three sips is considered a sign that the guest is unwelcome, and if this is done carelessly to a guest of high rank he will spill it

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on the floor. Coffee is handed round three times by the host, and afterward from time to time, usually by one of his sons or servants. It is not considered bad manners to ask for it, though to ask for food is rude.

Other sheiks come in, and on each occasion the whole company rises and the prescribed salutations are gone through. A nargile, or water pipe, is brought for those who desire it, but they must provide their own tobacco. The host may provide cigarettes, but it is not incumbent upon him to do so; and most men have a small tobacco-box and roll their own.

Arabs usually dine soon after sunset, but a man who has guests of rank, even if uninvited, must kill a sheep; and although our host has invited us, yet in accordance with the custom — a trying one at times — the sheep was not killed until we had actually arrived. Dinner is therefore somewhat late, and to pass the time a man sings a kasida, or epic song, accompanying himself on the *rabâba*, a sort of violin with only one string.

These songs, which are always in the same metre and have a double rhyme running right through them, usually deal with the exploits of local heroes. Appreciation is shown by repeating the rhyming words after the singer. Owing to the drawling manner in which they are sung, and the employment of allusions, figurative expressions, and uncommon words, they are practically impossible for a foreigner to follow unless he has had them previously explained to him. Those relating to love are apt to be stilted and conventional. Perhaps the most pleasing ones are those composed by chiefs in prison, describing their favorite haunts and pastimes and contrasting them with present circumstances.

At a sign from the host the singer stops, a large mat of plaited rushes is placed on the floor, and the host goes round the guests pouring water over the extended right hand of each.

Two men then bring in the dinner, which consists of a large circular iron dish lined with thin Arab bread and piled high with rice. On it is a sheep stewed and cut into lumps, with the head at the top of the pile. The fat tail, a great delicacy, is placed opposite the principal guest; the host calls out the names of the seven or eight next most important, and, as they squat down round the dish, pours over it a large ladleful of hot melted butter. The guests then set to work, using their right hands only, tearing off pieces of the meat and tossing handfuls of rice till they are formed into balls which can be flicked into the mouth. It takes a little practice to acquire the knack of doing this gracefully.

At any sign of slackening, the host — who has remained standing, occasionally pouring on more butter or gravy — urges the guests to continue, assuring them that they have eaten nothing. As each finishes he rises and the host names another to take his place.

The guests who have finished go to the lower end of the room, in one corner of which there is a kind of sink where a couple of servants wait with water, soap, and towels. Everyone carefully washes his hands, face, and mouth.

When all the guests have finished, the host and his sons eat, and then his ploughmen and retainers and their sons, till the dish is absolutely clean. As it is removed the principal guest says, 'May God reward the host,' to which the latter replies, 'Good health.' A bowl containing water-melons cut into slices is then brought in and partaken of without ceremony.

Conversation now becomes general. Four things greater than all things are women and horses and power and war. We talk of them all, but to the Arab

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farmer one thing is greater still, the price of wheat, and when someone says he has heard that the mudd has risen half a medjidie at Damascus he attracts general attention.

The Arabs, though ill-informed and inclined to be credulous about subjects outside the range of their experience, are shrewd enough where their own interests are concerned, and can talk intelligently and pleasantly about such subjects as local history, politics, and customs. They have a considerable sense of humor, and give and take chaff in a most good-natured manner.

Presently comes the time of the night prayer, and the men rise two or three at a time and spread their cloaks, facing south. One old man says his prayers audibly in a singsong voice, but the others mutter them, occasionally stopping to interject a remark into the conversation. Many of the younger men do not pray, but their abstention is not commented on by those who do.

It is bad form to seat one's self in front of a man praying, but if compelled to do so by lack of space one should place some object, such as a stool, between him and one's self. In my own house I used to keep a corner with a carpet spread for my visitors to pray on.

About 11 P.M. we express our readiness for sleep, and the guests remove their bandoliers, revolvers, jackets, outer shirts, and black head-rings, tie their head-handkerchiefs under their chins, and lie down where they are.

The host spreads a quilt over each and then wishes us good-night. The bedding is comfortable, and in spite of a few fleas, to which we are accustomed, we are soon asleep.

We are up with the sun. I carry a change of clothes and a toilet outfit in my saddlebags, and my shaving operations arouse considerable interest, as those of the Arabs who shave never shave themselves.

After a frugal breakfast of bread and hot sweetened milk we are off, exchanging the prescribed farewell salutations with our host, who assists us to mount and accompanies us to the gate.

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THE ONE HE'D LIKE TO BE

BY MORITZ JOKAI

[*Moritz Jokai was one of the most prolific and distinguished Hungarian writers. He died at Budapest in* 1904. *The city erected a statue to him in* 1921.]

From *El Sol, January* 10
(Madrid Liberal Daily)

One fine morning an unshaven man presented himself at my door. (I am in the habit of receiving a good many unshaven visitors.) I could have told a mile off that he was — besides — unwashed, undusted, had n't had his hair combed; and his manners made me understand that this man had reached the knowledge of any and all truths to be found at the bottom of the wineglass.

'You don't know me, do you?' said he.

'Indeed — I have n't had the honor.'

'Well, well, look at me for a minute!'

'Why — for goodness' sake — I know now! I did not recognize you because of this long hair!'

'And yet I had it cut last evening.'

'Heavens!' I said to myself. 'What must he have looked like day before yesterday!' And then I said to him: 'Yes, yes, you're William, are n't you?'

'Sure,' he said, 'that's me. Alexander is my name.'

'Oh, yes, yes. Alexander — Alexander Gal.'

'No, Alexander Schirting.'

'Why, surely — Alexander Schirting of Debreczen.'

'No — of Miskolcz.'

'Well, now I have it all,' I said; 'we were schoolmates, were n't we?'

'Not quite, but I lived in the house that they built next to yours — don't you remember now?'

'Was n't that ages ago!' I exclaimed.

'And I taught you how to swing! Really, it's almost as though you were I and I were yourself!'

'Sure. I could n't tell which of the two has been a loser because you are n't I and I am not you.'

'Don't you laugh at me now. I'm no more than a poor clerk: they put a paper before my eyes and tell me to copy it, and that's all I'm doing.'

'I'm still worse off,' I answered, 'because I've got to copy things without having any text to copy from.'

'That may be true, but do you believe me when I say that my work often brings me a beating as reward?'

'As to myself, they sometimes threaten my life.'

'That may be so, but then your name is known far and wide!'

'The great bandit's name, Sobri Joska, is also widely known.'

'Well, but you have more money than I have.'

'We may exchange debts if you feel like it.'

'The devil! But your head is worth much more than mine!'

'Don't you believe that. Just look: I've lost most of my hair, and you still have all of yours.'

'But the inside, sir, the inside of it!'

'All empty talk. I already lack eight teeth. Last year, toward Easter

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time, they pulled out three — one bad and two good ones.'

'Now let's drop that silly talk. Really, I ought to be you and you ought to be myself.'

'Is n't it strange that fate interchanged our souls and our quarters the way it did?'

'Oh, sir, here is a story of thrilling interest! I had a mother —'

'Did you, really?'

'Yes, I did. And in her time she was a very handsome girl. Only I did not know her at that time.'

'Is n't that extraordinary!'

'Well, at that time your father had asked for my mother's hand — that is to say, for the hand of the one who was to be my mother; for she was still single at that time. If she had had sense enough she would have accepted, but the poor girl did not have any — and she did me a lot of harm!'

'I am not so sure of that.'

'You speak of it too lightly, sir. Your father was going to be nominated governor of a district, *szolgabiro*. To be sure, he was nothing but a poor lawyer when he asked for her hand, but that does not change the situation. There was another admirer, an engineer, whose son at present is employed by a Debreczen railway at a salary of two thousand florins a month; his brother is manager of the estate of a Coburg prince, and the third one is captain —'

'Naturally you'd like to be all three.'

'Yes, but my mother did not marry the engineer. Her third suitor was a Protestant pastor from Matyasföld. She did not care for him, either, and he married another girl; but they had no children.

'Well, there was another man, Sir Cserependy Pergö Boldiszàr, who solicited her hand — do you know the gentleman? You don't? Well, anyway there's no better man than Sir Cserependy Pergö Boldiszàr.'

'He is not one of my subscribers.'

'Leave those jokes aside. He has more than a thousand hectares of land on the Tisza River, and all this goes to an only child, his son! He has four hundred horses! And every time I see him riding in his magnificent carriage I think that it might be I sitting in it, and he on the driver's seat! I might be the one whom all the passers-by greet, whom the young countesses watch secretly from their windows. . . . Ah, my mother did me a great injustice!

'You just stop to think that they were already engaged, the marriage contract all drawn up — I was just a hair's breadth from becoming the heir of Sir Cserependy Pergö Boldiszàr. But the day of the wedding, one hour before the ceremony, my mother ran away with a German music-teacher and married him.'

'And then?'

'And then! Could anything worse be imagined? I esteem my father perfectly — but why could n't he have married another woman? It really is disgraceful: the son, the one most interested in the matter, cannot choose the father he'd like to have!'

'He cannot, to be sure. If he could, Baron Rothschild would have so many children he could never count them.'

'This is all true; but if my mother had at least married the one whose son was to have most chances! Fate wanted to favor me. I was, so to say, a candidate for fortune, and a mere mistake deprived me of my possessions and made me become something else than what I might have been!'

'You are dissatisfied with yourself, are n't you?'

'I cannot help being dissatisfied, can I? Three times a week I eat nothing but potatoes. I'd like to know

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what you would do if you were in my skin!'

'First of all, wash myself.'

'Leave me alone. I've neglected myself because there's not a part of my person that I do not dislike. I hate my hands because they are lazy, my head because it can never learn anything, my hair because it's stubborn. I don't wash my face because I know it's ugly anyway. Such as I am, I would n't give a penny for myself.

'I envy everybody. I envy the clothes of the rich, the talents of the wise, the fame of the poets, the looks of the handsome, the strong arms of the workingmen, the blind fortune of the merchants. I envy the happiness of married people and the future of Jewish children. Yet I have to work, and sometimes I ask myself, what do I work for? Would it not be better to let my boots go to pieces, never to unbutton my jacket, to eat the cabbage stumps they throw away in the market place?'

I began to understand that there were at least as many reasons for me to be sorry over the whole thing as there were to make me laugh.

'Just the same,' I said, 'I cannot understand why you have come to me. You don't really think yourself a substituted child and intend to change places with me?'

'No. But you are the only man in this city of Budapest whom I know personally, and so I decided to see you and ask you: What would you do if you were in my place?'

'Come again in a week's time, and I'll tell you.'

I wrote to a friend of mine, estate-manager for Count K——, asking him if he had n't some work for an intelligent young man. At the end of a week I learned that my strange individual had found employment.

Since that time I had not seen him for two years, and had heard that he was dead, but a few days ago he walked into my house. Oh, miracle of miracles! He was carefully shaven and had new gloves.

'Hello, friend,' I greeted him, 'how do you happen to be so elegant?'

'I'm engaged,' he informed me with an air of great importance, 'engaged to a most charming girl who loves me very much — the daughter of Kasznàr.'

I fail to describe adequately the tone in which this 'loves me very much' was said.

'How do you feel now about changing places with the heir of Sir Cserependy Pergö Boldiszàr?' I asked.

'Not even with the Chinese Emperor,' said he.

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THE ENGLISH CLASS OF STÉPHANE MALLARMÉ

BY GRILLOT DE GIVRY

From *Les Nouvelles Littéraires, October* 13
(PARIS LITERARY WEEKLY)

LONG ago, one morning in 1885. I can still see the supervisor of the Collège Rollin, followed by a gentleman with a goatee, entering our study — a vast room, lit by six windows, at the corner of Boulevard Rochechouart and square d'Anvers.

'Gentlemen, your professor of English will be absent for some time. M. Stéphane Mallarmé, of the Fontanes High School, will take his place.'

It is thus that I made the acquaintance of the illustrious author of *Les divagations*.

We knew nothing about him, of course. In fact, his name was practically unknown even to the cultured public. We therefore received him with indifference. We were high-school boys; we had had enough of classroom life; we knew that nothing resembles a professor so much as another professor. The holder of the Chair of English, a certain M. Balagué, was obscure and gloomy. M. Mallarmé could not be worse. He or another! . . .

However, as soon as he began to speak, we sat up and took notice. What kind of man could that be, with his soft, musical voice, with nothing academic about his expressions, following a method diametrically opposed to that of the Department of Education?

I have shown that, up to about 1882, Stéphane Mallarmé used, both in his correspondence and in his conversation, impeccable, highly polished language which did not attract any attention. But at the time when I first knew him he had broken the last fetters of tradition, and was resolutely speaking the language of his books to his colleagues and to his students alike. It is easy to imagine the mocking wonder of our omniscient fifteen years — 'that pitiless age' — when we saw the extraordinary syntax of the newcomer: no conjunctions, sentences bristling with brief subordinate phrases, often reduced to a single word, which had no visible relation to the context; startling vocables, a regular volley of jokes, crackling like fireworks; the whole thing of disconcerting verbal clearness, but obscure and incomprehensible in its general bearing.

There was no similarity between the method used by Stéphane Mallarmé to teach English and the brutalities of the 'direct' method, brought into vogue since that time by the Berlitz School of Modern Languages. He proceeded somewhat in the fashion of the scholastics of the Middle Ages; he 'lectured' as he would have done at Oxford or Cambridge. He would write a text on the blackboard, and on this fragile substratum teacher and students commented *ad infinitum*. We chattered, got lost in questions, quotations, and reflections. He had an inexhaustible fund of stories and anecdotes, and they were always subtle, so that their meaning escaped us — as, for instance, the plot of *Le misanthrope*, which he claimed to be comic in the highest degree. One may

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say that he drew his own portrait in these choice words: 'Fellow always elegant and fluent, with aptitude for subtle, literary subjects, if there are any left.'

He spoke English with precision and purity, flawlessly, with a great deal of care in the composition of his sentences; but he did not have the English accent, and was inferior in this respect to Verlaine. I once heard the author of *Sagesse* recite English verse. Like a real monkey, he pushed his imitation of the British clear to the point of ridicule. Stéphane Mallarmé never succeeded in getting the English intonation. His voice remained singing, and harmoniously French.

The supreme fantasy which dominated Mallarmé's lessons prevented these from ever being useful. He would flood us with that remarkable analytic science of language which can be found in his marvelous book — too little read — *English Words*. He would get lost in interminable dissertations, which only a few of us could follow by listening very intently; while the others, those who did not possess the sacred fire, got out of hand, had a good time. He made no attempt to quell the disturbance, having nothing of the disciplinarian about him. 'Go on, prattle away,' he would say, 'I hate the apostleship.'

Once, I remember, he wrote on the blackboard these four lines from Edgar Allan Poe: —

> In the greenest of our valleys
> By good angels tenanted,
> Once a fair and stately palace —
> Radiant palace — reared its head.

I reminded him that our stock of everyday expressions was far too meagre to enable us to tackle such texts, and this brought down on me the apostrophe: 'Already practical! How dreadful!'

I was struck with consternation. I suddenly realized that I had committed the crime of high treason against poetry. But, seeing how crestfallen I looked, he may have felt sorry, for he corrected himself at once: 'Your remark is not unreasonable; life too is poetry. To be contemporaneous, very good.'

With the back of his hand he erased the lines on the board, and launched instantly into the most sparkling, the most delicious, the most bewildering improvisation that one could imagine on English cookery, enumerating the multitudinous recipes of the English cuisine, apparently very intent on making us relish its succulences. All we heard for an hour was a witty fusillade about Wrexham soup, pepperpot, cockaleekie, Harvey sauce, oyster forcemeat, Hindustani curry, Wyvern pudding, Queen Mab's pudding, porcupine pudding, muffins, and gooseberry tarts. And when he got through, he gratified me with '*Relevé ai-je le gant?*' — 'The challenge, have I taken it up?' — which abashed me and made me laugh at the same time.

On another occasion, after a recitation during which he had been more obscure than ever, I had the audacity to put on the board, before the teacher came in, this sentence, which I had culled from the preface of Charlotte Brontë to the book of her sister Emily: 'I believe language to have been given us to make our meaning clear.' I asked him to comment on that.

Without being in the least bit put out, he showed us the necessity of 'thinking soberly,' and proved in the most ingenious fashion in the world that the sentence under discussion was itself ambiguous and without any precise signification.

In the end I was completely conquered, subdued by the strange little professor, who was so learned, so pro-

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found, so friendly, so comical. A few of us formed a small group of disciples around him.

From then on, it was a constant joust of choice language and intentional obscurities. We were beginning to speak the Stéphanian language; in mathematics, history, physics, and chemistry we would use the most droll and extravagant of verbal constructions, to the stupefaction of our teachers, who would remark bitterly: 'Again the influence of M. Mallarmé.'

Gradually we had discovered the literary preferences of our teacher, the exact drift of his philological principles, the sources of his erudition. His studies in English etymology often led him to quote from the Greek and Roman classics, which he knew thoroughly. We therefore started to rummage about in our books for the most absurd lines in that first satire of Persius, which is so obscure that Saint Jerome, failing to understand it, threw it into the fire. We would embellish our recitation with

Torva Mimalloneis implerunt cornua bombis

and other choice bits of Latinity. We spent all our time in the Greek class extracting the most stilted and recondite expressions from the hymns and epigrams of Callimachus. We served them to Mallarmé piping hot and seasoned with discreet and sympathetic raillery.

But the work of which he was most fond, and from which he quoted during almost every recitation, was the wondrous Visigothic Bible of Bishop Ulfilas, a copy of which, the *Codex Argenteus*, transcribed in the fourth century in silver characters on purple parchment, is kept in the library of Upsala. Concerning this volume Mallarmé said in his *English Words:* 'This document, the oldest of its kind that modern English possesses, astonishes us now by its grandeur and by the archaic stiffness of its rich and intact inflections.'

What he does not say, and what is certainly true, is that to this vigorous old language, with its terse, oft-inverted sentences, poor in adjectives and rich in adverbs, he owes the principles of his system and of his practice of writing; indeed it is the origin of the whole modern school. The attempt has been made to trace back the Mallarméan process to the *Alexandra* of Lycophron. The latter may account for its illusive subtility; but if you want to find the secret of this system of sober constructions, devoid of all superfluities, you must seek for it in the Bible of Ulfilas — a little far, no doubt, but there and not elsewhere.

In fact, we ourselves were soon charmed by the ingenuous ruggedness of this barbarous and venerable old book. I find in my high-school notebook this sentence, which he made us analyze: *Ana airdhai gavairdhi in mannam godis viljins* — 'On earth peace to men of good will.'

I remember we had come to share our teacher's enthusiasm. The Bible of Ulfilas was all the rage for several weeks. We even went so far as to get hold of Loebe's *Grammatica Gothicæ Linguæ* and we were devouring it in our spare time. We hunted up the words used by the Gothic warriors of the fourth century in hailing their chief. Our plan was to spring them some fine morning on our teacher as he would enter the classroom.

Alas! that morning never came. The term of M. Mallarmé, which had lasted three months, came to an end, and the obscure and gloomy M. Balagué returned. We were left with our memories of a wonderful professor, the like of whom we could never hope to find again.

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THE SUCCESSORS OF CHARLES DICKENS

BY J. D. BERESFORD

[*Mr. Beresford is a novelist as well known in America as in England, with nearly twenty books to his credit. He began writing at sixteen, but when a little past thirty destroyed his manuscripts and started afresh. The article by Mrs. Virginia Woolf to which he refers appeared in the* Living Age *for February* 2.]

From *The Nation and the Athenæum, December* 29
(London Liberal, Literary, and Political Weekly)

In a recent article, Mrs. Woolf suggested, pertinently and convincingly, that the chief failing of those three important novelists, Wells, Galsworthy, and Bennett, has been their inability to create character in the manner of, say, Dickens and Thackeray; and she quotes Bennett himself to uphold her criticism, in the statement: 'The foundation of good fiction is character-creating and nothing else.'

This suggestion is of peculiar interest inasmuch as it does not seem possible to confute it in the sense — a perfectly justifiable one — intended. But before we condemn our selected trio by this single criterion, it may be worth while to extend our examination and consider whether or not there may be a valid psychological explanation for this apparent weakness. Can we not, for example, find some reason why the figures of Edward Ponderevo, Arthur Kipps, Soames or Jolyon Forsyte, Edwin Clayhanger, or Constance Povey do not leave quite the same definite impression on the mind as the more outstanding portraits drawn by Dickens and Thackeray?

The first and most obvious explanation is that which Mrs. Woolf lightly sports with at the end of her article. When we had turned the century with Hardy, Meredith, and Kipling as our three leading writers of fiction, we witnessed a quite definite movement in the development of actualism. Whether or not Wells, Galsworthy, and Bennett consciously tried to approach their art from a new angle is a question that we need not consider for our present purposes. What is of importance is that we find in their novels a presentation of human beings that satisfies our sense of probability; inasmuch as they are, like ourselves, composite, full of irresolutions, often self-conscious, and apt to change their minds; whereas in the novels of Dickens we find a single salient characteristic which is often given to us as portraying the complete man or woman.

What would Dickens, for instance, have done with Sophia Baines? In her youth she is shown, more or less determinedly, as reckless, flighty even, of a not too exemplary honesty. Can we doubt that, having thus shaped her, Dickens would have maintained the mould? The last state of Sophia, as a result of the steady confirmation and deepening of these salient and instantly recognizable characteristics, would have been far worse than the first. But Mr. Bennett — *pace* all you worshipers of Victorian greatness — was aware of many things of which Dickens was blandly ignorant. Mr. Bennett was aware, in the first place, of heredity. He knew his Baineses;

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and he recognized those inherited qualities in Sophia which, in the circumstances, would presently override the impulses of youth and leave her a successful, if not an altogether satisfied, woman. Hers is, in short, an absolutely convincing portrait. We know for certain — as soon as Mr. Bennett has told us — that she could have acted only as she is shown to have acted. Furthermore, she represents a type in the same sense that so many characters in Dickens represent types. Yet the average mind will forget a Sophia Baines and remember a Mrs. Nickleby or a Betsey Trotwood.

Further examples are hardly necessary, but to point the application of the one cited to our other two novelists, it may be as well to add Edward Ponderevo and Soames Forsyte to the list. Both, according to the rigid classifications of the Dickensian methods, are 'bad' men; and in the case of the former we know what Dickens would have done from the sad instance of Montague Tigg. Soames Forsyte, with his business capacity and his one act of brutality to his wife Irene, might possibly have become in Dickens's hands a kind of Dombey. And we know quite well what Dickens would have done with Irene.

Now, at first sight, the difference of treatment seems to be due solely to a change of attitude and of method. The older attitude with its resultant method evidences the fading influence of classicism, with its fundamental assumptions of a strict division into categories and the inescapable vigilance of a presiding and deeply interested Fate. Our three Edwardians had all pitched Fate out on to the rubbish-heap at the bottom of the garden — where it fell and failed to sprout. They were empiricists, aposteriorists, and so far under the influence of the scientific method that they passionately desired to get as near the truth as a mere novelist may. They wanted before all things to present men and women as they themselves had seen them, not as Dickens did in a startling cartoon, but in three dimensions — at least three. After Fate had landed on the rubbish-heap, all sorts of queer things had gone after it, such things as predestination, the chronology of Bishop Usher, the theory of the divine origin of mankind, no end of funny-looking stuff; and our three novelists sat down in their clean and rather bare houses to write of themselves and us in the light of observation and reason.

But when we have justified their attitude, when we have admitted that they could not and should not have written in any other way about the men and women of their own time, we are still confronted with that difficult question as to whether the effect of their art on the public mind is as stimulating as that of Dickens. Just as, in the case of young children, Pip, Squeak, and Wilfred leave a clearer impression than Lewis Carroll's White Rabbit or his Red Queen; so, in the parallel case of our hypothetical average of public intelligence, the cartoonist will succeed where the chiaroscurist will fail. Your average reader of novels loves hard outlines, not subtleties and vague distances; certainties — or the appearance of them — rather than suggestions. But if we really care about our influence on him, — Dickens, remember, was distinctly educative, — ought we not to use the medium that reaches him more directly?

The answer to that question necessitates an inquiry into the further consideration that was hinted at when we began this development with a conditional 'at first sight.' For we have reached a stage at which we may boldly ask whether the change of attitude in the novelist does not fore-

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shadow a parallel change, as yet far from complete, in the reader. Is it perhaps true, for instance, that in the eighteen-forties there were more queer, one-ideaed, less complicated, less self-conscious people about in England than there are in the nineteen-twenties? Has that marked change in the tendency of philosophic thought that became comparatively widespread in the last quarter of the nineteenth century — opening so many doors on to unguessed-at vistas which retreat, and lose themselves in infinite distances, where once was the calm assurance of such definite labels as Heaven, Purgatory, and Hell to dissuade the adventurer from opening the door for himself — has that change of thought had its influence on the public mind, or, alternatively, is it an indication of a rapidly developing change of consciousness?

Personally — for, lacking the witness of the Galtonian Institute in this matter, I am driven back to expressing a personal opinion — I favor the latter solution. I believe that, taking the average English man and woman, we shall find them more aware of their own diversity, more introspective, and hence more complicated, than would be the corresponding specimens picked out from a sample of early Victorians. I remember my mother's stories — she was born in 1837 — of the friends who came to her father's house in her youth, and many of these friends, with their stock tricks of speech and their stock reactions to religion, politics, and society, could have gone straight into a Dickens novel. And the characterization of them would have been adequate. I even remember similar specimens in my own boyhood. Now, among my contemporaries, I search for them in vain. The world of to-day, as I see it, is filled with people who are too aware of themselves to be peculiar by conviction. The great divergencies of what we call 'types' — which means the abstraction of a preponderating characteristic — tend to converge by assimilation. For when we become aware of ourselves we inevitably become more aware of other people.

Even in politics, the process is displayed for us. Our parties witness to no passionate certitudes. Our leaders are no longer willing to die for their convictions, in the manner of a Burke, a Lincoln, or a Gladstone. They are conscientiously aware that there are two sides to every question; and only in the squalid emergencies of a general election should we now taunt a man with having changed his mind in regard to the advantages of, say, a fiscal policy.

And if we admit this growing change due to the evolution of consciousness, shall we say that the art of Wells, Galsworthy, or Bennett is of a lower order of achievement than that of Dickens or Thackeray, because our selected trio have presented us with a characterization that is truer to our own day than the depicting of the older 'type'? Has not, for example, Mr. Bennett fully justified his dictum in his own work? Are his character-creating powers less than those of Dickens because they are more subtle? And, finally, is not the failure, such as it is, with those of us who are still in that condition in which we prefer Pip, Squeak, and Wilfred to the Red Queen?

I await the verdict.

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BOOKS AT SEA

BY H. M. TOMLINSON

From the *Adelphi, February* 8
(London Literary Monthly)

On the first day at sea, and for some days after, there is no wish to read. There may be a man, and I wish I had his fortitude and detachment, who can give a glance along the wet and unhospitable deck then moving away from a quay in a home city, turn from those familiar buildings receding into the murk, go to the cabin which he has had no time to know, pull out the trunk which he has had no time to unpack, take out a chosen volume he was careful to place near the top, and absent himself. What a heart!

What are books then to most of us? It is possible that we find a greater eloquence in literature when we are either not very much alive, and so need to have our daylight confirmed, or else are so much above urgent contemporary affairs that they appear to us relative and diminished, as though they had already taken their unimportant place in general history.

But most of us happen to be more or less alive, and therefore feel a keener interest in life itself than in books; and very few of us indeed are so astonishingly vital that we are superior to the important activities of our fellow men because, enjoying tranquillity in a day which is already in the future and beyond their knowledge, we see, in sorrow, to what end their important activities will come.

What are books, then, to men like ourselves, fairly alive but not astonishingly vital, when the light of the sea is on them? They turn a little pale. Much of their meaning fades. For the surge, especially at night, might be the murmuring of eternity, a reverberation from the utter darkness into which we peer and see nothing. Its sound is not only awful with those intimations which we think we hear in great music and great literature, but it is the echoing of the profound secret itself.

What, then, is the reading of books to us? A sort of idleness. But somehow it is not idling to listen passively for hours to those undertones from the outer dark. They are beyond speech. They awaken responses from those secrets in us that are the cause of all great art, and of the love of art, secrets which are never directly revealed. Books, for about the first week at sea, are usually no more than reminders of the distracting affairs about which we want to hear nothing for a while.

For just about a week! At first the men of the ship you meet in odd cabins and corners talk the very stuff of books, and shape it better than most books because they are not concerned in the least with style; they are happily innocent of the notion that they ought to be characters, and should use words as though they were always quoting Kipling. As naturally as the sea itself they expose the barbarous superstition that only 'light literature' — as we call the stuff which looks as much alike as the butt-ends in a timber-yard — should be taken for reading at sea. An insult sufficient to invoke evil in the calmest of waters! But retribution is instant. One might as well declare that only the confection known as

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jam-sponge should be taken to sea. The sea air turns all that into a very horrible and homogeneous mess.

Passengers certainly bring easy fiction aboard, and I have seen them nursing it in the lap, with finger marking the unreadable page of the book, which was closed. Walk along the promenade deck on the weather side an hour after the wind has risen, when the spindrift occasionally volleys inboard, and the deck-chairs are packed and abandoned. Only a seaman is there, relacing the rebellious corner of a wind-screen. You see the light and bright books then, those books whose dust-covers are attractive with colored pictures of an arch and idiotic simper, and you see what their owners think of them; they are left to the weather. Not deliberately, of course. Merely forgotten, being of no consequence. The scorn of the owners is quite unintentional. The books were carried up after breakfast; people dread being left alone, especially after breakfast, with their thoughts, perhaps for the reason that they cannot face them, perhaps because they soon grow weary of staring at nothing. Yet it seems that staring at nothing, or even staring at dark doubts we would rather ignore, only they won't go away, is preferable to the delineation, however becoming, of a woman's empty head. So there the light literature is, with the rain on it.

But I have rarely found a good book so outcast. I have hunted for one, at such a likely time, to borrow it. The readable volumes, the books with substance and merit, appear to be gathered up naturally when there is a flight, with the purses, handbags, and furs; if any good books were ever there, of course. It had better be admitted that there may be more than one reason why good books appear to be as highly regarded as purses and furs.

On the long voyage out on a cargo steamer I found the pilotage books and sailing-directions in the chart-room better than any reading I had brought with me. The old editions of sailing-directions, it ought to be reported, are much better than the recent issues. At one time the directions for all the Atlantic Ocean were in two volumes — North and South. If you should find among the derelict rubbish of a junk shop those two obsolete books of advice to mariners, think yourself lucky. They were compiled for the masters of sailing ships. They contain intimate and leisurely information, and personal reports by forgotten ships, of obscure coasts, anchorages, and islands, of no interest to-day and so not given to masters of full-powered steamers who receive with direction-finders cross bearings by wireless when they have any doubt about their exact position on well-frequented tracks; therefore all that fascinating reading is omitted from the latest editions. A few of those older editions made the best kind of reading for the voyage out.

But on the voyage home I had had six months of the sea and unusual coasts, and of villages with names like Kota Bharu. There had been no reading of English but in old newspapers, and the older they were, then the more seemed their interest and curiosity. The Blue Funnel liner on the voyage home had a genuine library, the best I have ever seen in a ship, and I went to it as to good meat and drink after a long traverse of a desert. That ship's library, in fact, was a lucky escape; yet I found myself holding its familiar books as it were at arm's length. Their faces were the same as ever, but their insides looked curiously different.

Among the rest was an anthology of modern English verse. It contained Walter de la Mare's 'Listeners.' 'And

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what does it mean?' another passenger asked me, when I passed that flower from the bouquet over to him. What a question to ask a poet or a poet's reader. Who knows? It means nothing, if it means nothing to us. It is like listening to the surge at night. What does that mean? Nothing, perhaps, except to the listeners. What does music ever mean? But what chiefly sounded in that book from our modern poets, I thought, was a melancholy plaint, something far, thin, and weak, that fell into the mysterious silence enveloping life's thickets, and died.

Yet even that faint and pitiful cry was better than the one confident poem in the book, G. K. Chesterton's 'Lepanto.' Chesterton, as a jolly Christian apologist whose mediæval axe is chastened by a holy symbol, convinced us long ago that, with champions so rousing and lively about her, the Church will never lack for plenty of heretics outside. But a rereading of 'Lepanto' put the matter a little clearer for me. G. K. C. in a leopard skin, leaping in seductive rhythm to the sound of tom-toms round an Ashanti bone-heap, would be hardly distinguishable, in essentials, from the Christian chorister of the glories of Lepanto. He would be just the same as he is now; the fetishes and taboos would merely have other names to which other barbarians were as passionately devoted as himself. He would be, as an Ashanti shaman, just as heartily convinced of the Christian missionary's abominable heresy, and just as merry and bloody-minded when denouncing the miserable wretch in the Sacred Grove. The priests of Moloch, in the act of casting children into the Fiery Belly, no doubt sang something like Lepanto, confident in their knowledge of God.

I reread, in untroubled leisure and with what was a false impression, no doubt, of perfectly calm lucidity, Sinclair Lewis's *Babbitt*. In spite of its lapses from its evident first desire to be purely objective testimony, and the unlucky surrender of its conclusion to the glozing sentimentalists, I think *Babbitt* is as much beyond the work of the younger English novelists — say Walpole, McKenna, and Compton Mackenzie — as is any work of art from the curate's nice village entertainment. The American novelist, as a writer should be, is moved to a controlled passion by the conviction that there is something new and important to be said to his drifting and casual fellow men. The others have nothing to say, and they say it to a familiar conclusion that is like an amateur pianist's version of the National Anthem.

And one of our young and popular English novelists has been describing W. N. P. Barbellion, I see, as a 'disgusting' writer. . . .

Naturally Barbellion's writings would be that to any man to whom life's mysteries are no more than the hesitation between the attractions of one shop in Bond Street and the next shop. Barbellion, however, happened to have a more courageous curiosity about life than that. If he had met Old Bones himself, with the bright scythe, in Bond Street, he would have turned from the socks and pearls in sudden forgetfulness, and boldly challenged him, though the interruption were likely to prove fatal. There is much more in life than the most confident young man may find in any cathedral close, and I am more assured than ever that the *Journal of a Disappointed Man* is of greater importance than the works in aggregate of quite a number of our nicest writers.

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A PAGE OF VERSE

THE STARRY NIGHT

BY WILFRID THORLEY

[*Cloud-Cuckoo-Land*]

TEN thousand warriors on those fields
Lift up their spears and flash their shields.

Ten thousand warriors on those plains
Halt their swift steeds with silver reins.

Their tents are pitched upon the slope
With silver pegs and silver rope.

When heaven shakes I am afraid,
For thunder is their cannonade.

And when the lightning cracks the night
'T is their ten thousand spears in flight.

ALLAH'S REBUKE

BY WILFRID THORLEY

[*Saturday Review*]

WHY strain the sinew, tire the wit, a mad horse chafing on the bit?
The Rider only seeth it, the goal whereto He goeth, fool!

Although thou canst not see His Face, astride upon thee in the race
He draws the rein or speeds the pace whenas thy nostril gloweth, fool!

A mane of silk, a burnished hide, an eyeball milky-white and wide
But mock the steed that mocks the Guide toward the goal He knoweth, fool!

And thou, a rebel to His Hand, by gusts of the sirocco fanned,
Shalt perish nigh the drifts of sand whereon thy hot foot goeth, fool!

Thou hast been angry, and thy teeth have been as iron underneath
The flinty tongue, and all thy breath a flame whereon one bloweth, fool!

Let not thy gusty anger gain dominion over thee and strain
The grasp of Him that draws the rein to guide thee where He knoweth, fool!

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LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

WHY THOMAS HARDY DID NOT GET THE NOBEL PRIZE

THAT a British author would get the Literary Nobel Prize for 1923 was almost unanimously anticipated by the Swedish press. It has been sixteen years since the award to Kipling, the only British writer who has ever received it, unless Rabindranath Tagore, crowned in 1913, can be called a British author.

Intellectually, if not politically, there has been a distinct rapprochement between England and Sweden since the war. The names most frequently guessed were those of Thomas Hardy and John Galsworthy. The former has many admirers in the Scandinavian countries who had proposed him for the honor in earlier years, and as his age is rather advanced they had hopes of recognition for their favorite this time. 'If Hardy lives long enough, he is sure to get the Nobel Prize sometime,' wrote a Göteborg daily in a sarcastic vein. John Galsworthy is one of the many British literary men who made a lecture tour of Sweden last summer, and to appear personally always aids an author in becoming known. Mr. Galsworthy may yet get the prize. He is not so old as Mr. Hardy, and is well thought of by the Swedish literati.

But why has Mr. Hardy been overlooked so many times? According to a writer in the Stockholm Conservative monthly, *Svensk Tidskrift*, the reason has been a question of merit as well as of a specific limitation in the terms of the Nobel will. As to the second point, one may well ask how it could have been stretched to admit the German historian, Theodor Mommsen.

'The best explanation of the attitude of the Swedish Academy toward Mr. Hardy,' said this article, 'is the one that is nearest at hand — namely, that the Academy, after a thorough and judicious estimate of the merits of Mr. Hardy's authorship, has found that his dark naturalism, with its deterministic psychology and its pessimistic outlook, does not fulfill the requirements stipulated by the founder for the Literary Nobel Prize, which, by a clause that as far as known has not yet been annulled, limits awards of the prize to authors who have been creative in an "idealistic direction." The phrasing of this clause is, to be sure, not very happy, but the intention, in any event, is clear enough, and if its meaning is respected a refusal of Mr. Hardy's candidacy may be considered as wholly justified. Perhaps the Swedish Academy has also found that the enthusiasm for Hardy, prevailing for the moment, is a bit exaggerated. The situation undeniably is that, while Hardy at the present time is being described by a number of contributors to our press as an author practically without any weaknesses, his production, as a matter of fact, — as has been acknowledged by English critics, — is quite uneven and far from always wholly admirable. His form is heavy and restrained. The development of his action is often unreasonably slow, and the atmosphere oppressive with its gloomy monotony.

'In thus emphasizing these defects it is not intended to deny his importance, which would be unjust and foolish. On the other hand, it may be doubted whether he really is entitled to such an absolutely unrivaled position in modern literature as some of his

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admirers in this country have wished to attribute to him.'

*

REMINISCENCES OF MAUPASSANT

Dni, the Berlin Russian daily, prints an account of the memoirs of the painter Henri Gervex, which were recently published. The painter had known all the celebrated men of letters, artists, and eminent political figures, for all the famous men of his time used to frequent the Café La Rochefoucauld, and Guy de Maupassant was one of them. Besides meeting him there, Gervex stayed for a while at his villa at Antibes, and became fairly intimate with the great master.

'We went to Italy,' the author of the memoirs says, 'where Maupassant made a very strange impression on me. His realistic mind could not reconcile itself to the traditionally romantic conception of Italy, and he was criticizing everything all the time. He was either ill-tempered or else in a mood to drop paradoxes one after the other. To anger me he would, every time we went to a museum, praise to the skies something mediocre and nonchalantly refuse to consider world-renowned works of art. In Venice he showed extreme irritation on account of the dirt and bad odors of the canals. "You have but to stir your oars to inhale fetid odors. Why did they make the entrance to Venice through her sewers?" At Rome he thought that everything looked like a secondhand shop. "The best thing to be had in Rome," he said, "is the portrait of Velasquez by Pope Urban." At Saint Peter's, "the holy-water basin is so large you could take a bath in it." The Forum excited his merriment because it was so small. He satirized everything, even the ladies in the party.

'In Antibes he was a different man. We lived at the beautiful Villa Mont Oriol. His mother occupied the upper story, but we never saw her, for she even took her meals separately, and we were at liberty to spend our time as we pleased.

'When we went out in his little yacht, he usually steered. He never spoke, but silently enjoyed the light, and the beauty of the blue waves, steering quietly; or else he sat still, gazing into nothing with unseeing eyes. What did he ponder? It seemed to me that he was absorbed in his creative work. The following morning when he sat down at his table, everything must always be in order, every article in its appointed place. He took the pen and wrote evenly, without interruption. At that time he was working over *Bel-Ami*. He often talked with us about this novel, and every day we saw two pages — no more and no less — added to the work. There never was a single correction in those two pages! This perfect mechanism worked without hesitation or intermission.

'Many times Maupassant spoke to us about Flaubert and his methods, his views of literature, the advice he gave. "When you have seen something," Flaubert used to say, "you'll describe it to me. When you have seen a person, you'll draw his portrait to me in a few words." All these details of the artistic education of Maupassant I have heard from his own mouth.

'However, Flaubert's manner of seeing things and describing them was not the only thing Maupassant learned from his teacher. He also had Flaubert's taste for puzzling people. You cannot imagine how Maupassant loved to mystify the people who surrounded him. It gave him a pleasure next to happiness. To tell the truth, his jokes were always inoffensive, but they caused amazement, bewilderment, and terror that made Maupassant enthusiastic over the whole scheme while he was preparing it.

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'One day he invited me and another friend to dinner, promising to show us some "very extraordinary work" that he was doing. Much interested but somewhat incredulous, we presented ourselves in his house at rue Monthenin. This house was Maupassant's greatest pride, but it would be difficult to imagine a more tastelessly arranged home. The author of *Bel-Ami* was truly devoid of taste. For instance, he hung in his drawing-room, in the centre of a wall, an old evening-coat of Louis XVI — a rarity, to be sure, but rather out of place where he put it. I teased him about it so much that he finally took it away.

'On this day he took us in great haste to a little courtyard which he had made into a drawing-room, and pointed out the glass roof above. It was a glass roof like any other, except that Maupassant fixed some electric lights behind colored glass plates and, electricity being quite new at that time, the neighbors stayed at their windows all night to behold this extraordinary spectacle. Maupassant laughed like a child. You can see what a trifle was enough to make happy the great writer whose intellect, a few years later, was dimmed forever as a result of abusing ether and other narcotics.

'A curious fact: one of the few normal characteristics that remained intact up to the moment he lost his reason was a keen business judgment. The shrewd Norman who never forgets his rights was ever present in him. Guy de Maupassant, who was always ready to give away money, never gave in when bargaining with publishers.'

✽

BOOKSELLING IN ENGLAND

THE publishing of English books, which fell off lamentably during the war, and has never quite recovered, was back almost to normal last year, according to an analysis prepared by the *Publishers' Circular*. 1913 exceeds last year by 105 volumes, 1912 was a little smaller, and during the worst years of the war the total sank as low as 7716. The increases are chiefly in fiction, juvenile books, history, religion, 'literature,' — which in the cynical mind of the publisher is a category distinct from fiction, — science, medicine, fine arts, poetry, and drama, for these also, it would appear, are not 'literature.'

There have been a few decreases under the headings general works, games, geography, and law. It is not surprising to find that naval and military works are diminishing, for the technical publications and 'war books' in vogue during the great conflict are out of date, and the flood of war memoirs is abating.

The old-fashioned edition de luxe is going out in favor of the modern notion of limited editions, and the limited edition itself is apparently a crafty scheme to create rarities for the book-collectors of the present and future. It is very likely a direct outgrowth of the fondness of English collectors for 'modern firsts.' Of course, the more limited the first edition the greater the rarity.

The total figures for the last twelve years are as follows: —

Year	New Books	New Editions	Total
1912	9,197	2,870	12,067
1913	9,541	2,838	12,379
1914	8,863	2,674	11,537
1915	8,499	2,166	10,665
1916	7,537	1,612	9,149
1917	6,606	1,525	8,131
1918	6,750	966	7,716
1919	7,327	1,295	8,622
1920	8,738	2,266	11,004
1921	8,757	2,269	11,026
1922	8,754	2,088	10,842
1923	9,246	3,028	12,274

✽

PROTECTING AN EMPIRE'S WILD LIFE

BRITISH bird-lovers propose to buy the Farne Islands lying just off the coast

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of Northumberland, which, though good for very little else, form an almost perfect bird-reserve. The islands are a crowded breeding-ground for sea birds from May to August, and are remarkable as the most southerly point in the North Sea of several of the northern sea birds. Eider ducks, four species of terns, cormorants, guillemots, razorbills, and puffins, several gulls, petrels, oyster catchers, redshanks, and pewits are among the inhabitants. Hitherto the private owners have protected the birds, but they are about to sell, and the bird-lovers intend to take no chances with possible purchasers.

In South Africa it is proposed to make the present Transvaal Game Reserve into a National Park. This reserve dates from 1898, having been established by the Republican Government when Transvaal was independent. In 1902 the British Government increased the reserve, and its present extent is about fourteen thousand miles. For twenty years no shooting has been allowed. According to Major J. Stevenson-Hamilton, the director, there is probably no area in the world at the present time where within so short a distance of civilization the public has the opportunity of seeing so vast a collection of wild animals in their natural state.

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MR. C. K. MUNRO'S NEW PLAY

MR. C. K. MUNRO occupies a curious place among the younger generation of British playwrights. No one who is seriously interested in drama doubts that he is one of the most brilliant men writing for the modern English stage, yet no commercial manager can be induced to take him seriously. (The latter statement may need some qualification after the long run of his play, *At Mrs. Beam's*, which was played at Everyman's Theatre and had a long run at the Royalty.)

Mr. Munro is, nevertheless, a tender dramatic plant, carefully fostered by the London Stage Society, which has given first productions to all three of his earlier plays, and on which, in spite of the long run of *At Mrs. Beam's*, he has had to fall back for production of his fourth play, *Progress*, at the New Theatre. Mr. Munro is a satirist, who in *Progress* as in his earlier play, *Rumor*, deals with affairs of state — a natural inclination, since he is a government official and sees things from the inside. The scene alternates between a mysterious locality known as Kokoland and Downing Street, with interludes outside a London coffee-stall. His play touches stingingly on the futility of the Great War, but its length — it plays four hours — and a tendency to too much mere discussion militate against success in the theatre.

✤

'THESE WILD YOUNG PEOPLE'

EVEN in China 'these wild young people' are in rebellion against the infallible wisdom of their elders. There is proof positive of an alarming state of affairs in this clipping from the *Japan Chronicle:* —

Miss C. Chin Chin-yin, a Peking girl of eighteen with high-school education, has inserted an advertisement in the Chinese press declaring her refusal to recognize her betrothal agreement made by her parents with the father of a young man named Hsiung Pao-chi. Miss Ching announces that the matrimonial arrangement was made during her infancy and she asks all her relatives and friends to take note that she declares it to be null and void. The number of similar revolts against child-betrothal that are not advertised must be considerable.

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BOOKS ABROAD

The Man of To-morrow (J. Ramsay MacDonald), by 'Iconoclast.' London: Leonard Parsons, 1923. 8*s.* 6*d.*

[P. Ripley in the *Spectator*]

This is a lively piece of journalism which by its very energy of style carries the reader on from chapter to chapter. It is all rather breathless, and the construction of the sentences is occasionally a little awkward, as 'The forms through which man's spirit of reverence and of service have expressed themselves have his acknowledgment.' We may take these bumpings on our stride and proceed onward to discover what kind of man Mr. MacDonald really is. The present volume should prove helpful, for the writer can 'at least claim that he has tried to extenuate nothing, to set down naught in malice; to escape from the psychology of images into that of truth.' . . .

The book gives a pleasing confirmation of our original impression of Mr. MacDonald. He is revealed, if that be the correct word, as a man of courage and ability, and possessing that indefinable attraction which comes of great sorrow nobly borne. Moreover, he is shown to be a thorough democrat, abhorring violence and dictatorship, and one who would not consent to any action which was against the will of the community as a whole. This is the most certain impression we can carry away with us after reading 'Iconoclast's' ambitious effort. The following extract from an article by Mr. MacDonald should help us to retain it: —

'The question is not how conditions are to-day, but how they are to be to-morrow. The man who commits himself to the impossible, whether he be a Member of Parliament or the leader of a revolutionary committee, commits himself to failure, and no posing will enable him to avoid his doom. This truth is more important to the evolutionist — nowadays commonly styled the constitutionalist — than to the revolutionist. The Parliamentarian who leads his people to believe that he can do what he cannot is only creating a public opinion which in the end he cannot appease, which he may keep under control for a time, but which will sooner or later overwhelm him. Therefore the truly great constitutionalist will put the public in possession of his ideals and principles of action — in the case of Labor these are comprehended in Socialism, the community organized to secure good life for all — and, at the same time, he will make it clear that a journey has to be undertaken to reach his goal.'

Rabevel, ou le mal des ardents, by Lucien Fabre. Goncourt Prize novel, 1923. Paris: Nouvelle Revue Française.

[Benjamin Crémieux in *La Nouvelle Revue Française*]

It would distort *Rabevel* to try to sum it up. This story of a child of the people whom the lessons of a congregationalist lead to outwit two bankers and to make his fortune in a twinkling, — followed by the story of his love affairs and then of the orgies of the powerful financier he becomes, and running on to the time of his failure and his death, — is thrown into relief and gains its significance only in the light of the thousand incidents and the play of the emotions which illuminate it. . . .

If M. Lucien Fabre had succeeded in completely mastering the enormous amount of material which he has put together, he would have written a masterpiece. His book is a great and powerful work, but control over it escapes him in the last hundred and fifty pages of the third and final volume. . . . But what point is there in emphasizing this rather hurried ending, especially as it is swarming with ideas? The essential things in the novel are the youth and the fortune of Rabevel in the first two volumes, and these first two volumes, in spite of their flaws, have a quite extraordinary power and vitality.

What is lacking in *Rabevel* is a certain musical quality, a resonance, or perhaps its fault lies in its failure to communicate in words the torment that consumes the hero, incapable of love yet seeking happiness, incapable of faith yet aspiring toward an absolute. The reader is a bystander at this torment, he does not share it, he remains a spectator.

The Incredible Journey, by C. E. M. Martin. London: Cape, 1923. 7*s.* 6*d.*

[*English Review*]

This simple, straightforward story of the long, adventurous trek of two Australian native women across the red desert in search of the son of one of them, who has been carried off by a white man, is a little triumph of sympathetic verisimilitude. Mr. Martin, in his introduction, touches upon the history of contacts between white and black in Australia, beneficent and otherwise, and gives instances of fineness of character in the despised blackfellow, reserving his most impressive example for fuller narration in the book. Both as a well-visualized tale of

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actualities and a study of fine elementary human fortitude, self-sacrifice, and resource, *The Incredible Journey* — and its successful issue — is excellent. The pictures of wild and sparsely settled 'outback' Australia, with its surviving wandering tribes and remote civilizations, are done with a graphic power which makes this unusual story extremely good reading.

The Romance of the Paris Streets, by Mary D. Steuart. London: Chapman and Dodd, 1923.

[*Westminster Gazette*]

A GOOD guidebook is always suggestive, but never entirely satisfactory. It should contain all the facts that are worth having; but it cannot be expected to go into detail with regard to their associations, and to treat of the history, the tradition, and the gossip which lie behind them. A book which begins where the guidebook leaves off, therefore, may be a treasure, if only the subject with which it deals is of sufficient interest; and no better subject could possibly be found than the City of Paris, which still retains enough of its ancient features to suggest memories of its ancient history almost at every turn. Miss Steuart knows it thoroughly; and her *Romance of the Paris Streets* is neither a guidebook nor a history, but a well-informed pleasant chat as she strolls around the city with her reader, beginning at the scene of the murder of Henry of Navarre in the old Rue de la Ferronnerie, recalling something of the past of Notre Dame, showing us where, in the Rue de l'Arbre Sec, the bell of St.-Germain-l'Auxerrois gave the signal on St. Bartholomew's Eve, and where the Three Musketeers first met, where in the Rue de Rivoli Coligny was assassinated, and so on. She has something worth hearing to say at each point; and her book is a mine of information, even to those of us who pride ourselves on our knowledge of Paris.

Victorian Poetry, by John Drinkwater. London: Hodder and Stoughton, 1924. 2*s.* 6*d.*

[Martin Armstrong in the *Bookman*]

I FIND in it much that is good and much with which I do not agree, but — more important, I think, than these things — the book has the great recommendation that it is well written, not only in the sense that the style is good, but also in the wider sense that it is carefully thought out and full of arresting and suggestive sayings, so that one of The People — for whom presumably The People's Library is designed — can hardly fail, when he reads this study, to have his vision cleared and his interest aroused in the subject of Victorian poetry.

Cherry-Stones, by Eden Phillpotts. London: Grant Richards, 1923.

[*Observer*]

THIS agreeably produced little volume contains fifty new lyrics from the prolific pen of Mr. Phillpotts. The workmanship of these pieces is not always on the same level; some poems with charming ideas in them are marred by clumsiness of execution; but the author may well feel pleased with the best of them, and time will probably show that he does not write vainly when he speaks thus: —

> I carved a cherry-stone with care
> The precious hidden life to spare,
> Then planted it and saw it spring —
> A living, growing, hopeful thing.
>
> When I am quit of destiny,
> Friend, pray you seek my cherry tree,
> Eat of the blood-red fruit and trace
> My art upon each stone's round face.

Mr. Phillpotts's themes are the sights and sounds of the countryside, the lives of rural folk, and of the beasts and birds. One of his happiest pieces is 'Cider-Makers,' a skillfully managed unrhymed lyric, which is unfortunately too long to be quoted here. It must be added that in several of the poems Mr. Phillpotts allows his sense of humor to have play, for which all those who hold that poetry is not necessarily a solemn and mournful thing will be grateful to him.

NEW TRANSLATIONS

CROCE, BENEDETTO. *Goethe.* Translated from the Italian by Emily Anderson. New York: Knopf, 1924. $2.75 net.

FRANCE, ANATOLE. *On Life and Letters.* Series IV. Translated by Bernard Miall. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company, Spring List, 1924. $3.00.

FRANCE, ANATOLE. *The Latin Genius.* Translated by Wilfrid Jackson. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company, Spring List, 1924. $2.50.

L'ESPAGNOL DE LA TRAMERYE, PIERRE. *The World Struggle for Oil.* Translated from the French by C. Leonard Leese. New York: Knopf, 1924. $2.75 net.

PIERREFEU, JEAN DE. *Plutarch Lied* (*Plutarque a menti*). Translated from the French by Jeffery E. Jeffery. New York: Knopf, 1924. $2.50 net.

BOOKS MENTIONED

THORLEY, WILFRID. *Cloud-Cuckoo-Land.* A Child's Book of Verses. London: Macmillan, 1923. 2*s.* 6*d.*

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